THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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Meredith Eagle.

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Publisher.

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It will pay you. How? Send to the subscrib or and have them made into a

NICE SWITCH.

Combings as prepared by us by a New Patent Process and made up with roots all one way, are fully equal to the best cut hair.

Price for preparing and making up 50 cts. per ounce.

All kinds of Hairwork made to order on short notice and guaranteed to match a sample of hair sent us, every time, as we give our personal attention to this department of our business.

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140 North Main St., opp. Post Office. CONCORD, N. H.

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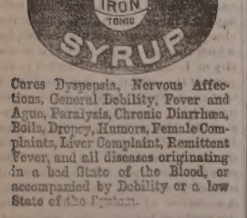

Cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and all diseases originating in a bad State of the Blood, or accompanied by Debility or a low State of the System.

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HUMAN HAIR GOODS,

Largest stock in the State.

Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

Switches of every shade from plain white to jet black, Wigs, Old Ladies Bandeau, Saratoga Waves, Invisible Waves, Phenix Waves, Wat er Waves, Paris Flirts, Newports, Coquettes, Perfections, Sarah Bernhardts, Buttercles, LaMascotte Scallops, Rats, Puffs, Curls, &c.

Also, hair dressing materials of every description at popular prices.

Prompt and personal attention paid to o ders through the mail and otherwise.

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140 North Main St., opp. Post Office. Concord, N. H.

Je 3m may1

MEREDITH.

B. B. Rollins' house is nearly done.

N. B. Wadleigh and family are away visiting.

The post office is to have a new floor.

P. W. Heath has graded his garden and made other improvements.

Mrs. C. W. Nelson has been visiting her parents in Winchester, Mass.

The village is rather quiet since the mill closed.

Dr. Mason's barn is making good progress.

C. W. Morrison recently hurt his hip by falling.

G. E. Gilman and Mr. Nichols of Providence, have been here.

Walter Kittredge lately gave an open air concert in Post Office Square.

Our Grand Army visited their brethren in Lake Village recently, going on the Gracie.

Messrs. Morrison, Hawkins and Maloon have been camping on an island in the Lake.

The stone work about Mr. Collins' house began a year ago, has been put in position.

The ledges about Mr. Hartsborn's residence are being removed for his well.

Old Orchard beach has been well visited by parties from here during the late reduction of fare.

The Jubilee concert Saturday evening at the Town Hall was a pleasant entertainment.

G. S., O. N., and Eben Roberts' families with others, had a picnic recently on the Pinnacle.

The personal effects of the late John Sanborn have been sold at auction.

Some music on the street the other night frightened a horse, which broke down a stone post by Beede's store but did no other damage.

One Waite hired a horse recently at the Elm House stable which he sold for $20 and a poor watch at Laconia. Officer Judkins there secured the team but not the thief.

ASHLAND.

The Ladies' Relief Corps gave a very interesting entertainment at the Town Hall Wednesday evening, Aug. 30, which proved to be a rare treat to the large audience that was present. The programme was as follows: music by the Ashland brass band; Select readings by Mrs. Emma B. Hull: Subjects, "Miss Mahony on the Chinese Question," and "The Old Sergeant." The selections were rendered in a manner that proved Mrs. Hull a close student of the art of elocution and was a perfect master of her profession. As this is the first time she has appeared before an Ashland audience, they gave her ample assurance that they appreciated her merits as an elocutionist. An address was made by Rev. D. W. Davis appropriate to the occasion, and an old army song was rendered by him which took the audience by storm. One of the brilliant features of the evening was the singing by a quartette consisting of Mr. H. C. Dearborn, Mr. Thomas Cox, Mrs. H. C. Dearborn and Mrs. F. M. Hughes, Mr. Hughes acting as organist. Mr. Cox sang a solo which was received with immense applause. Ice cream was served to all who wished it, and numerous promenades took place. The band under the leadership of Edward McSweeney, never played better, and the audience appreciated it, it we may judge by the frequent applause bestowed upon them. The amount taken was about $25, the net proceeds $17, a good showing for the first enterprise. The Ladies' Relief Corps, now being formed and started on a good substantial basis, we shall look for several more entertainments of a like character during the coming winter.

John D. Shepard returned to his home in Boston Thursday, having spent his vacation here.

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles and Fancy Goods. Repairing a Specialty.

LAKE VILLAGE, N. H.

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Greater Variety

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Useful & Ornamental Articles

Than ever Before at

99 CENT STORE,

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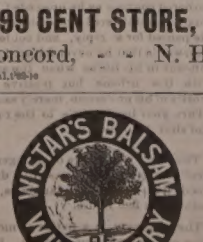

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Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and every Affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Sold by all Druggists.

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling about the rectum; the private parts are often affected. As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in fost. Stamps. 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa.

PLYMOUTH.

Miss Carrie Hall is here.

George Burns has been here.

Miss Hattie Chase has returned.

Dr. Davis and family are here.

Prof. Ladd obtained about $50 here.

Miss Gertie King, of Danville, Vt., is in town.

George Fowler is working at the Town Hall drug store.

Miss Nellie Webb has returned home.

General Manager Dodge and family are expected come to-day.

Two hand organs were in town Thursday.

Thomas Glynn drives a fine span that is the admiration of many.

Miron Hazeltine, an attache of the Laconia *Tocsin*, has been here.

The G. A. R. Post here, will attend the Weirs' reunion as an organization.

Mrs. D. C. Knowles has been quite ill.

A good number from here attended the dance at Rumney, Thursday night.

Dr. Rogers has had water pipes put into his residence.

At a meeting of the Universalist parish in the Court House Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected: moderator, E. E. Smythe; clerk, M. A. Ferrin; treasurer, Gilmore Houston; standing committee, Albert Lyford, B. F. St. Clair, A. J. McClure, H. S. Chase, Q. H. Shinn; ignitor, H. C. Philbrick; usher, R. B. Carter. A lot committee consisting of G. W. Garland, E. E. Smythe and H. S. Chase was chosen to report at an adjourned meeting at the same place the last Tuesday evening in September. M. A. Ferrin was chosen temporary treasurer of the building committee. Over $2,000 has been raised toward building the new church.

Rev. Mr. Jewett's mother and an adopted son, brother of Rev. Dr. Tucker are interred in Trinity churchyard acrosthe river.

C. P. Kellogg, a young, swaggering, highly dressed, drinking, boasting, sassy, brassy, impudent, swindling, lying, dare-devil, insinuating, palavering, swearing, cheeky, mean, loud appearing, hypocritical, defiant sucak, hailing from Boston, has been residing at the Fountain House, Campton Village, more or less of the summer, having hired some rooms there. Like another notorious villain, whom the above description will apply and more, well known to our readers, who only crawls back here occasionally to see his family, while he plies his nefarious business with smiles, suavity and swindles elsewhere, this fellow owed more than he could pay so he tried to run away, going as secretly possible by the stage from West Campton, but the telephone was too quick for him. Deputy Sheriff Fellows snatched him here and with the aid of officer Bayley detained him over night, till he settled a few of his numerous bills by means of his watch, a note from relatives, etc. Some relatives of his are said to be stopping about here yet, and if they are the same character as the first named, the state would rejoice to see them depart for its own good. Boston and other papers please copy. Will some friend or enemy do a favor by sending the subject of this article a marked copy, or furnish us his address, so we can do so?

SHORT ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Transient advertisements as follows: Houses Land or other property Wanted, or For Sale or Mire; Help Wanted; Situations Wanted; Property Lost or Found; Board or Rooms Wanted or To Let, will be inserted in this column at the rate of ONE CENT per word EACH TIME for each insertion, if paid in advance.

Local notices will be published among the reading matter reader one dime per line for one cent per word each week. Nothing published for less than 25 cents.

PEMIGEWASSET REAL ESTATE & BUSINESS AGENCY. Real estate property dealt with in all its various forms, such as buying, selling, exchanging, conducting or attending sales by auction or otherwise, mortgages, hire and loan money, rent tenements, stores and blocks, collect rents, take entire charge of buildings, procure theatrical scenery, costumes and wigs for dramatic, religious or other entertainments. Office—Third story of Tufts' New Block. jun14tf

WOOD WANTED.—At this office for subscriptions or cash. adtfe

BOARD.—At a moderate figure, may be obtained by addressing X, care of RE PUBLICAN STAR, Plymouth. 42tf

LITERARY. Persons of a literary taste furnished with congenial employment at home for spare hours. BOX 383, Plymouth, N. H. jan29eod1y

FOR SALE.—Type Writer, Oil Stoves Pedometer and Sewing Machine, all new, at THIS OFFICE. adtfeod

NEW SEWING MACHINE—Only $15, at this office. jan1

HOUSE LOT—On Langdon street for sale cheap, on easy terms; nearly one fourth acre. At this office. 3mapl

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—May be paid a THIS OFFICE by sawing wood, etc. adtfeod

JOURNAL, EAGLE and STAR for sale at J. S. Tufts' Drug Store, Plymouth.

FARM AND MILK ROUTE FOR SALE. Situated near an enterprising village of about 3,000 inhabitants, in Central New Hampshire 90 acres; fertile, well watered; pastures and timber; horse and five cows; good buildings; excellent school privileges; over 100 quarts sold; receipts $2500, yearly; price $1,800; call at this office. 29tfjanal.

BRIDGEWATER.

The hay crop on the hills is considerable short of the usual quantity.

A Loss Prevented.

Many lose their beauty from the hair falling or fading. Parker's Hair Balsam supplies necessary nourishment, prevents falling and grayness and is an elegant dressing. 1mjs aug26

A Big Success.

"My wife was in bed two years with a complication of disorders her physician could not cure, when I was led to try Parker's Ginger Tonic. It was a big success. Three bottles cured her, at a cost of one dollar and fifty cents, and she is now as strong as any woman."—R. D., Buffalo. 1mjs aug26

Some places off the hills have yielded as much last year.

For thirty years Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has been before the public as a cure for Heart Disease. It is no new, untried remedy; neither does it cure every disease known, but is a remedy for sleeplessness, nervousness and Heart disease. Pamphlet free of F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. For sale by Druggists. jesa1m aug26

"An Odd Street Scene."

He was seen in front of the office rubbing himself against the telegraph post like a flea-bitten dog. "What's wrong?" we ventured to ask. "Got'em, gents," he said inconlically; "have 'em every Spring, small lumps about the rectum; sore to the touch; they itch like blazes; a telegraph pole's like an oasis in the desert to me." Here then, was poor humanity suffering from a complaint which a few applications of Swayne's Ointment for Itching Piles, would have thoroughly eradicated. jesa1m aug26

There have been a good number of boarders at the Lake View House since it was opened, several of them former boarders there.

Why Should They.

No man or woman can do satisfactory work when the brain is dull, the nerve unsteady, the system relaxed, and they feel generally wrecked. Why should anybody drag through their work in this condition when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic will, at a moderate cost, give them the strength and will to perform their duties satisfactorily.—Eo. 1mjs aug26

Chicago to Denver.

THE FIRST AND ONLY THROUGH LINE.

Official announcement reaches our office fixing the 2nd day of July as the opening date of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. through line from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis to Denver. The trains on the new line will be equipped in the style of comfort and elegance, for which the "Burlington Route" is noted. To our many readers who have been anxiously awaiting for the announcement of this date and who intend to turn their steps towards the setting sun, we can confidently say, it is the best. jesatt

Gilbert B. Dolloff and Lorenzo Flanders each have several boarders. P.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumptions and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. 50c and $1 a bottle. fe-ly-mar1

RUMNEY.

We have a harness maker in town now.

Quite a number of our townspeople are attending the Methodist Camp Meeting at the Weirs this week.

According to a report we have heard from our jail there is need of a reformation among its keepers; either they are ignorant of the law or else very presumptuous. For instance Jonathan Hardy was taken to the jail on a case of civil suit and kept there 46 days, 24 of which he was confined in his cell. He reports that they subsist on tainted, unwholesome food, with nothing at all to drink but water. There are probably not half a dozen men in our town who would doubt Mr. Hardy's word and yet, he was not allowed to go out by furnishing a bond signed by some of the leading men of this place, for his appearance at the jail at night. We think this demands investigation as such treatment is not right under such circumstances.

Frank Annis and wife, who have been in Boston for some time past, are stopping here. R.

Mr. J. Abbott, wife and one son are stopping at the Weirs this week. Julia, their daughter, went from there to Tilton to attend school the first of the week.

H. W. Kenison has recently purchased a Grant lifting machine which he finds very serviceable on stone work.

Chapman's butter box factory is now in operation.

"The season for burning brush in your best clothes is over," thinks Fred W. Kelly of Ellsworth as he sighs. "Oh, Susie, dear Susie! my heart leaps for thee; but summer days and thy dear voice are locked in memory." R. August 23.

WEST.—The Universalist Grove meeting Friday, Saturday and Sunday, was a decided success; the interest and attendance being greater than at any previous meeting. On the first day there was a praise meeting and a sermon by Rev. O. I. Darling, the text being Matt. 4:19. The threatening weather of Saturday kept many at home, but there was a good attendance to hear Rev. Dr. Ballou of Vermont, preach on the "Promises of God." Saturday afternoon Rev. B. M. Tillotson of St. Johnsbury gave an eloquent discourse founded on II Peter 2:15. Sunday was the great day. The extra trains brought seven car loads of people and the attendance by actual count exceeded 1,500. In the morning Rev. H. S. Fiske of Henniker gave a highly original discourse on "Inspiration" taking for his text Psalms 19:2. In the afternoon Rev. B. F. Bowles, of Boston, preached from Hebrews 12:29, "God a Consuming Fire." It was an able effort, and was well received. Great credit is due the West Rumney people for their endeavors to spread the faith they so fondly cherish. Though few in number and poor in purse, they by their efforts have made the annual grove meeting an established institution which is the means of doing much good. P.

BORN.

In East Hebron, Aug. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Merrill, a daughter.

DIED.

In Campton, Aug. 26th, Mrs. Moody Dole, aged 33 years.

Wednesday Aug. 23, at "The Larches," Thornton, Newton F., infants son of N. T. and Anna B. Harrington, of Worcester. Funeral at his home; remains interred in the family lot at Amherst, N. H.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.—In every town Land city in the State, to solicit subscriptions to this paper. Liberal commissions paid and xtra inducements offered. Send for full particulars. 2mjs1eaf

PAPER.—Printing paper of various colors size of this publication, for sale at THIS OFFICE at 1 cent per sheet. apr22eaf

THORNTON.

The Mad River Reading Club will open the season of 1882-'83 on Tuesday evening, Sept. 5, at 8 o'clock, in school house No. 2. The evening will be occupied by your correspondent with his lecture on the gradual evolution of the earth's crust from its original chaos to its present condition, with the advancing development of its life from the countless ager, from the simplest life germ to man. If time permits and the audiences wishes, the lecturer will close with a demonstration of the beautiful astronomical theorem: the orbit of the moon is always concave towards the sun. Several lectures and a successful season are looked forward to. Members, honorary members and friends are heartily invited to attend on the opening night.

MIRON.

VIGNETTES FROM NATURE. By Grant Allen. No. 83 of the Humboldt Library of Science. J. Fitzgerald & Co. Publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price 15 cents.

Of the twenty-two essays of which this volume is composed there is not one which does not bear the impress of original thought and intimate knowledge of natural history. It is a most entertaining and instructive book. The author possesses that genuine feeling for Nature which makes a man find unfailing delight not only in what is grand and imposing, but in the lowliest objects that meet the eye in a ramble afield. The work affords most delightful summer reading. For sale at usual places.

A Bright Bangor Barber.

Wm. M. Martin, an intelligent young colored man, a resident of Bangor, Mich., came to this city for the purpose of collecting $15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, due him as the holder of one-fifth of ticket No. 85,005. Class G, which won the capital prize of $75,000 in the drawing of July 11th. He had been investing in lottery tickes at intervals during a year, and had once before struck it for $ 100. He presented his ticket, he said, and was given a check on the New Orleans National Bank for the full ammount, and the funds he invested in two bills of exchange on New York. He propose to enlarge and refit his barber shop with a portion of the money, but had not decided on the investment of the remainder. He however remarked, "I will certainly put it to a good use."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat, July 23.*

THE COUNTRY WEEK.

The "Country Week," is conducted under the auspices of the BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION have, since its inauguration in 1875, been enabled to visit for a week or longer in country homes, a pleasure which they could not otherwise have enjoyed. Aside from the pleasure which is afforded by these short visits, the moral advantage for the change in surroundings and influences is incalculable. "The children return with improved health, strengthened constitutions, and new and better aspirations."

The Committee have already entered upon the list for the present season the names of over two thousand children; and they would ask those living in the country, to whose notice this article may come, who are willing to aid in the work by inviting one or more children to visit their homes for a week or ten days during the summer, to send their address and the number of children and ages preferred to the Secretary, Miss H. G. Putnam, 18 Boylston Street, Boston, who will cheerfully give further information desired. The Committee will pay all expenses of sending and returning children to and from the homes.

BURLEIGH & ADAMS,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

J. A. SAMBORN, M. D. ROBERT BURNS, M. D.

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

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Office Hours, 12.30 to 2 P. M., and 7 to 9 evenings

Dr. S. A. Richmond & Co's

SAMARITAN

CURES FITS.

NEVER FAILS.

NERVINE

The only known Specific Remedy for Epileptic Fits.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Insanity, Hysteria, Insanity, Anxiety, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Nervous Diseases. This intimate connection with positively reliable symptoms of Nervous Derangement, and drive them away from whence they originate, as if by magic. It utterly destroys the germs of disease by neutralizing the hereditary taint or poison in the system, and there eradicates the disease, and utterly destroys the cause.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Female Weakness, General Debility, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Painful Menstruation, Ulceration of the Uterus, Falling of the Womb, Barrenness, Sterility, Irritability of the Bladder, Per Watchfulness at Night, Nervousness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration of Life be Female shrunk be wrecked it restores the nervous system and gives rest, comfort and nature's sweet sleep.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Nervous Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Sickness, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the nerves or brain. Nervous debility often instantly cured by the use of this invaluable remedy. To you, young, middle-aged or old men, who are covering your feelings as with a mantle by silence, look up, you can be saved by timely efforts, and manly reasoning. Do not trifle with the cries of your Maker, if you will. Do not keep this a secret from your friend, and seek your physician about both body and soul. If you are in a afflicted, take Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine. It will restore your shattered nerves, arrest premature decay, impart tone and energy to the whole system.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is for sale by druggists everywhere, or may be had direct from the home office. Price $1 per bottle. Call for some of the curative properties of Samaritan Nervine and Samaritan Nervine Pills, and send for a copy of our illustrated pamphlet of Health, giving hundreds of testimonials of cures from persons who have used the medicine, and also their pictures photographed since their restoration to perfect health. Address

DR. S. A. RICHMOND & CO.,
World's Epileptic Institute,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

CUT THIS OUT!

AGENTS MAKE $15 TO $40 PER WEEK. We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Mf'g Factories and Central Depot at Cleveland, Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and Terms to Agents. Address

M. N. LOVELL 41 E. Merrimack St. LOWELL, MASS.

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of SPERMATOR RHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrated, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.: P. O. Box, 450

CATARRH DIRECTIONS.

Insert with little finger a particle into the nostrils; draw strongly through the nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

CREAM BALM

relieves healthy sores, clears obstructions, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Great relief realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c.

Unequaled for colds in the head.

Sold by druggists 75 cents. On receipt of price will mail a package. Send for circular containing full information and reliable testimonials.

ELY'S CREAM BALM HAS COMPLETELY CURED ME of Catarrh, of which I have been afflicted many years, after trying almost every remedy I could hear of, and having paid over $100 for treatment. B. J. AIKEN, Wholesale Druggist, 24 Dey and 25 and 27 Fulton Sts., Boston, Mass.

ELYS' CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

If you wish to grow Vegetables for Sale, read

If you wish to be Connoisseur of Flowers, read

If you wish to Garden for Amusement or for Home Use only, read

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PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE

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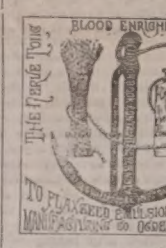

FLAX-SEED EMULSION COMPOUND!

A SUPERIOR COMBINATION OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES WITH THE FAT-PRODUCING PROPERTIES OF FLAX-SEED.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1882.

Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound Co.

GENTLEMEN.—After a long and thorough trial in my own family of Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound, and observing its excellent effects wherever used for the diseases for which it is prepared. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a preparation in which you cannot place too much confidence. I have not only seen its wonderful effects in my own family but I have personally recommended it to many others, and in every instance it has accomplished more than my most sanguine expectations could have anticipated. I am confident there are now thousands suffering with chronic and acute Rheumatism if they could obtain and use Flax Seed Emulsion Compound their unqualified support would be given to it. The effects produced by it in Nervous Prostration and in Paralysis are but little short of the marvelous, some of my own personal friends suffering from Paralysis having been restored by its use. Very Truly Yours,

SIDNEY BROWN,
Vice President of the Ogd. National Bank.

SWANTON, IOWA, August 20th, 1881.

Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound Man'f Co

GENTLEMEN.—Six weeks ago I came to this place from Brookfield, Vermont, to see and care for a sister who had been suffering for more than a year with nervous prostration, entirely unfitting her for household cares or work, and for the past six months has not been able to care for herself, and at times could not collect her thoughts enough to make her wants known. When I saw what a condition she was in I hadn't any heart to do anything for her. I thought she must die soon. Before starting from Vermont I obtained through the Kindness of a friend at Williamstown one bottle of your Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound. My sister commenced taking the Emulsion soon after my arrival, and I am happy to say her symptoms are very much more favorable. The past week she has given directions to her kitchen maid about her work, and has wiped dishes for her, things she has not done for six months before. The doctors here have not done her any good at all.

Yours respectfully
MARY A. FISK.

In her letter dated Dec. 18, 1881, she says: I have taken pains to recommend your medicine as far as I could, but my sister is a living walking recommendation. People are obliged to acknowledge that F. E. E. Compound had done wonders for her.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Feb. 1st, 1882.

GENTLEMEN.—During last summer my system became very much debilitated and run down and I was advised to take a trip west. While there I became affected with Malaria, which still further reduced me, and while in this low condition one of my lungs became involved, and the usual symptoms rapidly developed themselves. On leaving home, the west, I was in so low a state that I was confined to bed for weeks confined to my room, and bed. In this condition I commenced taking the Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound and at once all the alarming symptoms began to rapidly disappear, and while taking (seven) bottles of it, I gained (27) pounds in flesh, and my health and strength seem now to be better established than ever before, and I cheerfully recommend it to the weak and debilitated.

Yours truly HENRY L. PROCTOR.

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HAIR DYE in the safest and best; acts instantaneously, producing the most natural shades of black or brown; does not stain the skin; easily applied. A standard preparation; a favorite upon every toilet; approved tollet; for lady or gentleman; for sale by all druggists and applied by all hair dressers. J. CRISTADORO, 6 William Street, New York

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A Full Line of Gents' All-Wool Suits at $8.00.
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A few more of those All-Wool Indigo Blue Suits left, $8.00.

A full line of **Boys' Suits,** at $1.00, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50; former prices from $5.00 to 7.00.

The largest stock of Gents' and Youths' **Fine Fur, Straw and Manilla Hats** to be found in the State, at reduced prices.

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Mexican Hammocks, the best known in the world, white or colored, full size and full weight, at $1 50.

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With Trimmings of every description to match.

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etf june 23

Heat and Cold.

The Results of Some Interesting Observations.

It is the unanimous testimony of natives of the British Isles emigrating to Canada that the cold of our winter is much more easily endurable, degree for degree, than is the cold of Great Britain and Ireland. So, too, the residents of the Canadian North-west declare that a temperature of 40 below zero is endured up there with quite as much indifference as is the zero temperature in Ontario.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Prof. Frankland gives interesting results of investigations conducted by him into the causes and extent of the difference in the climates of town and country. He lays much stress upon the influence of the color of the surroundings in modifying the cold of the air. As everybody knows there is a great difference in the nature of the heat from an open fire and the heat from a stove. The heat from a fire passes through the air of the room without warming it, and is then reflected back from the walls and furniture. A stove, on the contrary, warms the air directly by contact. Hence it is that a draft is unendurable in a room heated by an open fire, because it is a stream of cold air that is brought in contact with the body, whereas in a stove-heated room the moving air is warm and the draft is not felt. Now, outdoor climate is made up of these two kinds of heat. The sun is a counterpart of the open fire heat, and may be called a sun-warmth; the other resembles the heat from a stove, and is properly described as air-warmth. Too rain or warmth as we get it is that resembling the warmth from an open fire; the winter warmth in a snowless country is similar to that derived from stove heat.

The greater the proportion of the sun-heat that is absorbed by the surroundings, the less is the portion reflected into the air, and the lower is the temperature of the air. The power to absorb heat depends almost entirely upon the color of the object. Prof. Frankland gives notes of experiments conducted by himself with the object of showing the heat-absorptive powers of various substances. From observations taken at the same place and at the same moment he found that the amount of sun heat reflected by different objects differed extremely. Thus, at the same moment when white paper and white linen reflected 110 degrees Fahrenheit of heat, black silk and black merino reflected 84 degrees and 80 degrees respectively. At the same time a thermometer hidden above snow marked 111 degrees, another held above green grass marked 89 degrees, above parched grass 95 degrees, and above gray rock 81 degrees. The author gives this instance: At Bellagio, near Lake Como, he found a sun warmth of 77 degrees most oppressive, while on the summit of the Dhawalagiri Pass, though the sun warmth was 147 degrees, he experienced a sensation of cerebral coolness. At Bellagio, however, the real temperature of the air was 83 degrees, while on the Dhawalagiri the air-warmth was only 43 degrees. The great difference between the sun warmth and the air-warmth at the two places arose from the fact that at the latter place he was getting reflected heat from the snow, while on Bellagio the dark soil was absorbing the sun-heat. The reflected heat was, like that of a fire or of a Canadian winter, exhilarating and bracing; the air-warmth, like that of a stove or steam-pipes was depressing.

The author then goes on to apply these results to practice. People who live in countries where at any time of the year heat is deficient should build a wall twenty or thirty feet high on the north, east, and west sides of the grounds, whitewashing the inner face of the wall so as to reflect the heat. If on the northern shore of a body of water, the house should be in such a position that the sun can be seen from sunrise to sunset reflected in the water, then it will get heat reflected therefrom, not otherwise. The soil should be light-colored. Yellow sand or gravel reflect heat very well. With these conditions, powerful sun-warmth and a bracing air might be secured. If we want the air of our streets to be warmer, all we have to do is to whiten the houses. Of course it follows that if we want cool streets we must darken our houses; and the question arises whether the semi-annual blackening and whitening of all the houses should not be made compulsory upon the convict inmates of all reputed health resorts.

Prof. Frankland says that, practically, the color of a house makes no difference to its inside temperature, except with respect to the roof, the color of which makes a very great difference. In bright sunshine slate becomes so hot that the hand can scarcely be borne even on their inside surfaces. Whatever the same obtains, and the inside remains cool. As to internal decoration, the author says that the value of well-papers and furniture do not count much differences in the amount of fire-heat received and radiated. We regret having to make a statement so favorable as this to the master wall-papers now in vogue. It is not to be denied, though, that dark wall papers do absorb a bit more light, if they do reflect as much heat as white papers; and we trust their reign will be short.

The Church Temporal.

Chicago has two German Congregational churches.

The Rev. C. B Galloway has been chosen to succeed Dr Parker in the editorship of *The New Orleans Christian Advocate*.

The Rev. James D. Eaton, of Andover, is to go to Chihuahua, Mexico, as a missionary of the American Board, but his departure is postponed till October. He regards the field there as a very promising one.

The Maine Universalists at their annual convention passed a resolution declaring that it would be wise for the State of Maine to provide for the addition of at least $100 worth of books to the library of the State prison.

The rector of St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, who believes it is bad air and not poor sermons that make people inclined to sleep in church, has had an ingenious ventilator placed in the church, and now expects the undivided attention of his congregation.

The Rev. George O. Barnes, the Kentucky evangelist, is preaching successfully at Dayton, Ohio. His method of preaching was deemed rather forbidding at first, but is now liked. There have been some "conversions." Several persons suffering from disease have presented themselves to be healed. Mr. Barnes has asked that for fourteen months none of his family have used medicine; "if any new disease or sickness occurred, the oil of prayer, trusting in Jesus Christ as the sole physician, was all sufficient."

A Hindoo paper, published in Bengal, speaks as follows of the criticism of the Bible: "It is the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar cane, from the root to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instruction. A portion of that book would yield to you more of sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if any person studies the English language with a view to gaining wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible."

Secretary of State Frelinghuysen recently received a letter from the Rev. Dr. A. J. Kynett, of Philadelphia, suggesting that foreign governments be warned of the nature of Mormonism. In reply Mr. Frelinghuysen, whose letter has just been made public, says that such a warning was given by William M. Evarts, while Secretary of State. Mr. Frelinghuysen then continues: "As to my individual views, an expression of which you invite in connection with certain suggestions concerning Mormon polygamy, I am compelled to refer you to my speech while in the Senate, the published record of which may be conveniently examined upon that point. I may, however, assure you of my hearty sympathy with any movement which has for its object the eradication of such evils as are practised by Mormons, and the elevation of our people to a higher plane of morals, consistent with the broadest Christian ideas. Whatever influence, therefore, I might be able to exert, either as a private citizen or in my official capacity as Secretary of State, to avert the accomplishment of that desirable end, would not be spared in that direction."

Domestic Economy.

Sherry Biscuits.—Take one pound of lump sugar, eight eggs, and a sufficient quantity of sherry wine, beat them well together, and then add a pound of flour and a half an ounce of coriander seeds. Pour the paste into buttered tins, and bake them at a gentle heat for half an hour; then turn them out, and cover their surfaces with some more eggs and sugar, and replace them in the oven for another quarter of an hour.

How to Treat Burns and Stings.—Apply instantly, with a soft rag, most freely, spirits of hartshorn. The reason of stings being an acid the alkali nullifies it. Fresh wood ashes, moistened with water and made into a poultice, frequently renewed, is an excellent substitute, or soda or salts, all being alkalies. To be on the safe side in the case of snake or mad-dog bites, drink brandy, whisky, rum or other spirits as free as water, a teacupful or a pint or more, according to the aggravation of the circumstances.

Many persons are not aware that cloth can be cut under water with great ease to almost any shape by simply using a pair of scissors. In order to insure success the points must be kept quite level in the water while the cuts are applied; and, secondly, to avoid risk, is better to begin cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and so reduce the shape gradually to that required. When the operation goes on well the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades. The tips hints given above, if strictly followed, will always insure success.

Savoy Biscuits.—Beat up twelve eggs with three spoonfuls of water, adding gradually a pound of finely-powdered loaf sugar. When the mixture becomes of the consistency of thick cream mix with it a pound of fine flour previously dried and sifted, and put into long cakes, which are to be baked in a slow oven. Every biscuits may also be prepared in the following way: Take about six eggs and whisk them and after-card beat them into froth, and mix them with some fresh-grated lemon peel beaten with a little sugar to a coarse into powder. Then beat up with them the same weight of sugar as of the eggs employed, and also the same quantity of flour. When the materials are made into a paste mould it into biscuits, sprinkle white sugar on them and bake them on paper at a moderate heat.

Pickled Walnuts.—Select full-grown green walnuts or butternuts when they are soft enough to be easily pierced through with a needle. They are usually in fit condition in July. Prick one hundred nuts well through, and lay them into a brine made of four pounds of salt to each gallon of vinegar; let them remain nine days, and at the end of the third and sixth days change the brine for fresh. On the ninth day lay them in the sun. After they are well drained place them in the sun till they turn black; they will need to remain several days. Boil one gallon of vinegar, two ounces of black pepper, half an ounce of cloves, one ounce of mace, one ounce of allspice and one ounce of root ginger sliced, ten minutes, and pour it over the walnuts, which have been packed in jars three quarters full. When the vinegar cools cover them up tight. They will be ready to use in a month, but they are better in a year, and will keep ten years. This pickle is an excellent accompaniment of fish.

Hints to Handshakers.

I am not unsociable, but I had rather not shake hands with everybody; and I am quite sure a good many people would rather not shake hands with me. Then why do we do it? It just one of those unwritten laws which might with advantage often be more honored in the breach than in the observance; just a matter in which people trust their instincts, and in which their instincts are really not to be trusted. I am dead against the current frequency of handshaking in society.

Jones drops in for an afternoon call; he does not really want to see me; I don't really want to see Jones; when he comes I shake hands with him, more or less; when he leaves, in five minutes, he shakes hands with me, more or more. I hate Jones' hand, because it is always damp; Jones knows that as well as I do, and sometimes flares me his hand gloved—but I detest a gloved hand. I had rather not take hands at all. If I must do so, I will do it once, and no more; no one but a lover wants to shake hands more than once in five minutes.

But Jones has a detestable habit of lingering on his way out. He gets up to go. I give him my hand. It's over. So, it's not. A picture catches his eye. He turns and says with a simper: "Capital portrait, 'pon my word!" "Yes—ah," I say, half accompanying him to the door. "Who's it by?" "Oh—by—Smearem, R. A." "Dear me! He painted—a—who did he paint?" "Don't know; paints everybody—paints himself." "Really—a—good by!" Shakes hands again; but before he has got through the door he remembers a message from his wife. I'll see him out; he shan't get into the room again. I go into the passage with him. I accompany him to the door. He shakes hands again at the door.

There ought to be some rule about this. It should be understood that one is enough in one visit. Of course I know we often shake hands with a man to finish an interview and bow him out. Well, that is for our own convenience, although it does not always so—just as a man's after-dinner speech is sometimes applauded rapturously in the middle to make him sit down. These people who shake hands should consider their ways.

I have a man, for instance, whom can't leave off shaking hands. He begins so heartily you think he will soon be done. He relaxes his grip; you attempt to withdraw; but he tightens it again; he holds you in a vice. You begin to shake him up and down, when you suddenly find he has dropped your hand like a hot potato, and you are left shaking the air. This is bad enough, but the wooden shake is almost worse. A hand is stretched out, and you get nothing but the sensation of bone—angular bone; there is no flesh and blood, no grip—the hand might belong to a lay figure. I don't want to shake hands with a lay figure.

Then I object to the crusher. Ladies suffer more than gentlemen from this festive "bore" because they wear more rings. He seizes you impulsively and manages to crunch your fingers vertically one on top of the other. You don't like to scream if you are a girl, or to show your displeasure if you are a man, but you are dreadfully hurt, and you suffer what Mrs. Gamp called "all the tortures of the impaulden" from the oppressor's offensive but iron grip. Then there is the flabby, pulseless shake which means nothing, or means "you are less than nothing to me and I hope I am the same to you."

I am not so absurd as to suppose that we can always regulate our handshaking by rule, or that our acts will always be indicative of our moods; but I notice in good society a growing tendency to reduce hand baking to a minimum, and then make it genuine so far as it goes, but as formal as possible, and I think this is a step in the right direction and worthy of imitation. Deep feeling will never fail to find fitting occasions, but the less importation the rule of spurious feeling or off-naive familiarity the better. The damp-handed man should remember that his hand is damp; the flabby, irresolute creature should try and improve his style of grip; the impulsive and muscular Christian should recollect the agony of scrunched rings; and most people might be less frequent and more brief with advantage.

In England we shake hands oftener than we bow; in France they bow oftener than they shake hands. I believe the two methods might be more judiciously worked. I think I should like a little more heartiness and a little less politeness abroad, and perhaps a little more politeness with a little less anxiety to appear hearty at home.

The So-called False Prophet.

An African Who Has Done Much to Trouble the Government of Egypt.

Mohammed Achmet, the false prophet of the Soudan, is the product at once of an intense religious fanaticism and an oppressive system of government. Circumstances have favored him in the Soudan much as they have favored Arabi Pacha in Egypt. He is now at the head of a revolution which for the Egyptian Soudan is as great, if not greater, than that which is ruining Egypt. After again and again defeating the troops sent against him, he is at last complete master of the situation. Egypt has for the present, at least, but her hardly won possessions in the Soudan, which if they ever belong to her again, or if they are ever again opened to commerce, or to any civilizing and religion-influence, must be reconquered with a large army and much expenditure of life and money.

The man was born in the region of Dongola, on the western bank of the Nile, where it makes its great bend. He was a poor man, a carpenter and boat builder by trade. He first came into notoriety on the large island of Abbas, situated about 200 miles south of Khartoum. Here after the fashion of the fakirs and holy men, he withdrew from society and devoted himself to prayer and meditation. He soon had a large following, and proclaimed himself the expected prophet and deliverer of the people. He wrote letters all over the country announcing himself and his mission. While many of the more intelligent Moslems repudiated him, others, moved both by religious and political motives, and who, above all, hoped that he would show them some way to escape the payment of their taxes, flocked around his standard. He was secretly encouraged and abetted by enemies of the Government residing at Khartoum. His presence in so commanding a position on the Nile soon became obnoxious to the authorities, and an expedition was organized to dislodge him. A detachment of 120 men of the regular army was sent against him on the island. These men were badly managed, and although they were armed with the best Remington rifles, while Mohammed Achmet and his band had only their spears, they were killed one after the other as fast as they landed, till not one of the 120 was left. Not a shot was fired... It was a slaughter, like the sticking of so many pigs.

Of course, after this exploit, Mohammed Achmet knew that it would not do for him to remain where he was. He therefore gathered together all his following, men, women and children, cattle and provisions, crossed the Nile to the west bank, and fled to a wild mountain called Gebel Gedir, 240 miles southwest of the Island of Abbas, and about ninety miles northwest of the penal colony and military station of Fashoda. Here, in an easily defended and almost inaccessible mountain, he took up his abode. The Baggara Arabs now began to flock to his standard in great numbers. The Baggaras were the former slave hunters of the White Nile.

We saw great numbers of them, with their spears gleaming in the sun, crowding along the banks with horses and their cattle to join Mohammed Achmet in his mountain fastness. It was, however, the policy of the Government to let the rebels alone, now that they had left the river, thinking that they would soon lose their zeal and dispense for want of provisions. But a new Governor of Fashoda had been appointed, who considered it his duty to signalize his loyalty by organizing another expedition against the rebels. Contrary to orders from Khartoum, he gathered the military forces from Kaka, Fashoda and the station at the mouth of the Sobat, in all 6 0 s hiers of the regular army. With these he joined 200 men of the large native tribe of the Shillooks—800 men all told. With these he marched six days across the desert by forced marches. On the seventh day, when the men were all tired out from the long march, and utterly unfit for action, they met the enemy. Mohammed Achmet was again victorious. The fight was turned into a slaughter. Sixty men were taken prisoner by the rebels, only seventy escaped by running for it, and all the rest were slain. The Governor of Fashoda and the King of the Shillooks were both killed.

Soon after these events we traveled through the country as far as the Sobat river. As we passed the Island of Abbas we saw the spot where the soldiers landed and where they were slain. We saw the deserted villages already occupied by a colony of chattering monkeys; the hut where Achmet commenced his career, and a boat which his people had left half finished. We found Kaka in a state of siege by the Shillooks, who had taken the killing of their king in the Egyptian service as a good pretext for throwing off the yoke of the Government that had never wholly subdued them. When we landed at Fashoda we found the town in constant fear of an attack. We saw the wounded and heard the loud lamentations of those who mourned their slain. At the Sobat we found the Shillooks hostile. Twice on our way back we were waylaid and partially surrounded by Mohammed Achmet's men, and owed our escape only to the merciful providence of God and our own presence of mind and agility. On our return to the Khartoum we learned that Raouf Pacha had been recalled, a new method of governing the Soudan from Cairo was instituted, and that Gregler Pacha had been authorized to proceed with more vigorous measures against the rebels. While we were there an army of some thirty-five hundred men was gathered and sent forward under Yousef Pacha. We saw them drilling, after a fashion, nearly every day. From the first they had but little hope of success. About a hundred deserted just before the departure. None of them had the first idea of discipline, few of them had ever fired off their guns, and 1500 of them were raw recruits, who did not know which end were the dangerous ends of their rifles. The Government throughout underestimated the earnestness and strength of the rebels. At this time they probably numbered near ten thousand men. And now the news is confirmed that the army, whose defeat was expected by all who knew much about it, has been totally cut to pieces, 2 00 out of 3 60 slain, 800 rifles and four cannon captured, with nothing to prevent the rebels from marching into Khartoum itself. Mohammed Achmet is now complete master of the Egyptian Soudan.

Impiety in Prison.

Every Sunday a clergyman of some denomination goes out to the State prison at Carson and treats the prisoners to a sermon. Yesterday the reverend gentleman who had been taking his turn at the theological wheel accosted an intelligent-looking convict in the yard with: "I never see you at Divine service." "No," answered the prisoner (in for an unsuccessful stock transaction). "No: my work out here in the yard makes it impossible for me to attend." "Ah, sorry to hear it. We've just had a very pleasant time—services and choir-singing and everything precisely the same as in our church. The only difference (this quizzically) was in the congregation." "Yes," returned the convict, calmly; "the congregation has been caught." His reverence gazes far afield and silently admires the beauties of nature.

Choice Selections.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

Bye Faiths.

Never so, O Lord, Thy tender mercies are,
So frankly blooms in heaven each evening's star,
Nor —yet from everlasting Truth is true;
Ever, of old, the wise Thy wisdom knew.

Newly man's plummet sounds the gracious deeps,
Clearer his eye may catch the glorious steeps;
'Tis the same mountain-ky serene above,
The same still ocean of eternal love.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear bought experiences.

A Memory.

A modest flower was blooming,
'Mid some rank and noxious weeds,
And its sweets were almost smothered,
By their malevolent stinks and leaves,
But the rain would drop upon it,
And the dew drops fall around it,
And refresh it, and revive it,
And help it to endure—
Their poisonous roots and foliage
And atmosphere impure.

Just so we sometimes find
A spirit, pure, refined,
'Mid rougher natures thrown,
Which are as weeds o'er snows,
And towering high above them,
Would crush, and scathe, and wound them,
And purport to keep them down.
But God's most holy spirit helps them
To forgive their talents, and pains,
To pass on, and not resent them,
Or heed their scorn and sneers,
And His Son sends dew and rain drops
To cheer them and refresh,
Gives leaves, and buds, and blossoms,
Lays fields bloom to His breast.

Josephine James.

A Little Child's Prayer.

Mother—Come, dearie, put dolly away now, for it's time to say your prayers and go to bed."

Little Girl—"Make dolly say she p'ay'rs, too; me has to p'ay all time."

Mother—"Only twice a day, dearie, and you ought not to be too lazy to do that when God watches over you every minute of the day."

With a resigned expression, the little one began:

"Now me is doin' fast sleep,
P'ay Dod soul to keep;
Me should die—"

Suddenly pausing, the little one looked up with a yawn, and asked: 'Tan't rest of it do till mornin', mamma?"

Mother—"Oh, no, my child; you must say it or God won't hear any of it."

With a despairing sigh the child dropped her head again and continued:

"Dod b'ess papa, mamma, dammas and dampas, sisters and budders, and big Kitty and little kitty—and—my—dolly—and—"

The little voice suddenly became inaudible, and the mother, after waiting a moment, said gently:

"Well, finish, dearie."

The half-sleeping child continued:

"Me one run in his hole to spits,
Man he may pass' by and her peep'd in
he window—"

"But, my child," interrupted her mother, "you mustn't say that in your prayers."

Little girl—"Oh, Dod, p'eas don't listen no more: me so s'eepy, Amen!"

Colonel Ramsay's Anecdotes.

Time, indeed, seems to have wings, when blithe Balcarres Ramsay is found writing that he began his military career some forty years ago. It seems only the other day that he was quite a young captain in the 75th regiment, and yet that must be over thirty years since. In 1845, at a little dinner which the author gave at the Coventry Club, now the St. James's, he invited Prince Soltykoff to meet the French Pretender. The next day the Russian magnate expressed surprise at the curiosity which Prince Louis had expressed about the strength and constituents of the Muscovite army, and when Colonel Ramsay met Prince Soltykoff after the Crimean war, the two agreed that this questioning had a very practical purpose. Three years later, when Prince Louis was somewhat under a cloud, owing to his abortive attempt at Boulogne—the "Rag" was the only club that opened its doors to him—young Ramsay was much thrown into his company. "Often," he writes, 'have I sat late into the night with him quite alone; when, after showing me relics of his mother, Queen Hortense, he sat playing with a dog which had been his companion in the prison at Ham, or looking dreamily into the fireplace, seldom speaking, but every now and then soliloquizing and talking of what he would do when he was Emperor of the French."

Some of the most interesting and amusing experiences recorded in these volumes are those which happened to the author when he was a mere lad, traveling about the Continent under charge of a tutor. It was at the Villa Salvati, then belonging to Mr. Venuttart, but which afterwards came into the possession of Grisi, that the young escapegrace had an adventure with the great Catalani. Prince Poniatowski having begged the famous cantatrice to favor the company with a song, and she got up from her seat and moved toward the piano. But before reaching it she changed her mind, and returned to her seat without looking behind her. "In my anxiety to hear the great singer," says the Colonel, "I deposited an ice-cream, iced and rosy, on her chair, which I had not time to remove before she plumped down on it. The weather being very warm and the fair prima donna's garments of the thinest texture, the sensation was evidently a vivid one. She jumped up, exclaiming, 'What is this?' and then saw her white muslin dyed red. I was standing by with my mouth open, petrified with terror, when the fair songstress opened upon me such a volley of choice Tuscan vernacular that I fairly fled. Jumping out of a low window, I escaped and never stopped until I found myself within the walls at the Porta San Gallo." While stopping at Treves, the landlord next a Prussian general of cavalry, who related to him how that George IV. once gave a dinner to all the Prussian officers at Hanover, and made them all drunk with the exception of the narrator himself. So pleased was the "first gentleman in Europe" with the Bacchanalian prowess of the one exception, that he presented him with a carriage as a token of his Royal appreciation.

What a Menagerie Costs.

An untrained elephant at the age of 25 to 30 is worth $10,000, and a performing elephant $45,000.

The value of a male lion is about $2,000, and of a female $1 000

A fine specimen of the royal Bengal tiger is worth $2,500. The female is much less valuable.

The striped hyena is rated at $500, the spotted at $200

A South American panther costs from $100 to $200. A male is worth about twice as much as a female.

The prices of sea lions range from $100 to $200.

Seals cost from $300 to $400.

A polar bear is worth $1,000

Black bears can be bought in any number for $100 each.

A neonah bear, from Hindoostan, is worth $500.

The South American tapir costs from $800 to $1,0.

The costs of a rhinoceros is from $6 000 to $10,000.

The value of the hippopotamus is from $3 000 to $5,000.

A giraffe eighteen feet high is worth $25 000.

Camels cost $300 to $4 00.

The sacred cow can be purchased for $700 or $800.

The ashra is worth $700 or $8 0.

A gazelle costs $1 000; a nylghau, $1,2 0; an elan t, $3 000; and a hartbeast, $3 500

The ordinary oryx costs $1,0 0.

The Llama is valued a $500.

The yak, from Siberia and Tartary, ranges from $1 000 to $1 500.

The one bluebok in this country cost $3 0.

The coudoda, a strange-looking beast from the North of Africa, costs from $6 0 to $800.

Kangaroos are rated at from $500 to $1 0 0.

The price fixed for ostriches is from $2 0 0 to $2 500.

The prices of the different kinds of birds range from $5 to $100.

The big snakes are worth $200 to $500.

Monkeys are valued at $50 to $2 0.

Some of the largest menageries are worth $1,000,000. A small one would cost at the lowest estimate $50,000.

Our Young Folks.

Said a little girl whose mother had reproved her for misconduct, "I should think, mamma, from the way you treat me, you was my step-mover."

Spoke Too Soon.—It is never safe to trust the discretion of the average small boy. A London tradesman found this out the other day when it was too late. He tells the story himself: "I keep a shop," says he, "and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go up stairs to my cash box. Before doing so I went into the little room next to the shop, and said to the boy, 'watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything,' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out, at the top of his voice, 'Pa, he didn't steal anything: I watched him!' You may imagine what a position I was in."

Sammy's Day of Woes.—Sammy sat on the doorsteps with his hands full of bread and butter: his eyes full of tears, and his voice full of sobs.

What for? Why, because he could not have cake, instead! Would you believe it?

"You can eat that, or nothing," his mother had said; and it looked a good deal as if he was going to eat the nothing part and omit the bread-and-butter part.

The rich, spicy smell of freshly-baked cookies floated out to him from the open window; and the more he smelled it the more he became convinced that his mother was not the one to cater to small boys who staid home from school because they were sick—or thought they were—or tried to make out they were, as the case might be.

"*Why* can't I have a coo—key?" he whined again, in a dreadful doleful key.

"Because," said his mother, "you say you are sick; and hot cookies are bad for sick boys. Now if you don't run away and stop troubling me, I shall have to send you to bed.

Perhaps Sammy was a little sick; for he did not often grumble, as he was doing that pleasant morning.

"I'm going!" said Sammy, slowly getting upon his feet, and strolling off toward the barn.

Just as he reached it he saw Bingo, the dog, darting full chase after a rat. It ran into a hole; and Bingo, with much whining mingled with many repeated and sharp yelps, proceeded to make shovels of his paws, and to dig Mr. Rat out.

"I'll help you, Bing," said Sammy, with alacrity, forgetting his bread-and-butter woe, and his recent illness, and the cookey troubles, also, as he brought a spade twice as large as himself, and proceeded to chop Bingo's toes and his own almost off, in the excitement of the next few moments.

At last, tired and hungry, he turned to where Bingo had retired to nurse his injured feet behind a rock, and said comfortingly, "Never mind Bing—you shall part of my bread and butter!" This would have been very consoling if Sammy could have found it—which he couldn't.

"I am sure I put it here," he said, confidentially to the dog, who closely attended his movements, expecting every instant the promised bite. "Why, where is it?"

"Oh, there it is! That hen has got it! She is giving it to her chickens! Take her, Bing! Take her!

But Bing selected the bread, instead of the hen, for the object of his attack, and, having rescued the slice, swallowed the whole at a gulp! And then stood wagging his tail and looking at Sammy for more; as if he thought bread and butter could pour out of his wonderful little master's hands, if he only willed so, as we have seen pictures of flowers pouring out of horns of plenty.

But Sammy didn't care for the dog's opinion of him. His opinion of the dog was that he was a greedy fellow, and he told him so.

"I wanted part of that slice, myself! Boo, hoo, hoo."

And this was woe number two.

"I do believe that child is sick!" declared his mother, as Sammy came sobbing back to the house. "I'm just going to put him to bed, anyway, and give him a dose of rhubarb."

And she did, and that was woe number three, for Sammy hated rhubarb

But the last trial and the worst of all was when his Uncle Henry came for Sammy to go with his cousins to the show that afternoon.

"I don't know whether he is sick or not," said his mother, decisively, "but this I do know; he has just taken a dose of rhubarb, and that settles it. He can't go, anyhow!"

Perhaps Sammy had been playing sick that day. At any rate, he got well very fast, indeed, after that, and announced to his uncle, next morning, that "he was all right, now! Could he go?"

"You are too late," said his uncle.

"Bingo!" said Sammy, solemnly, just around the corner to a very attentive dog, who evidently expected that it would soon rain bread and butter, or something equally as good, if he paid strict attention. "Bingo! it is all very well for *dogs* to stay at home,—all day,—and never go to school,—nor learn any lessons,—nor do anything but just what you please,—if you like,—but it's poor business for *boys*! After this I am going to school every day,—except I'm *really* sick!"

"I thought so," nodded his mother to Uncle Henry, for she overheard him. But Bingo went and lay down with a sigh, for he got nothing. Not even a new idea.

Fashions.

Embroidery—Lace and other Fans—Boating Dresses.

APPLIQUE WORK.

One of the prettiest varieties of this style of embroidery, consists of patterns of real blond worked in applique over a veiling in cream, white, or silver gray; another is composed of flower patterns of stamped velvet or fine silk plush, applied on over some very light tissue, which is itself lined with colored silk or satin. That most generally worn, because less expensive than the former, is the machine made embroidery in white, cream or buff over cambric, net, crape or any other light fabric, or else in silk over woollen or silk fabrics. The former are most effective over a colored silk material; the latter is a most elegant trimming to a dress. Japanese embroidery is much employed for bodices; it consists of small squares, each bearing a Japanese figure in embroidery.

LACE AND OTHER FANS.

Much of the old point lace shaped for fans is now being remounted, and even among those handed down as old the sticks and the lace are of very different periods. The sticks of Louis XIV. period are the most valuable. No one can do wrong in wearing an antique fan of almost any period, whether it be of ancient silver filigree or Oriental, or what not. There is a constant demand for these, especially for a very rare Venetian dagger fan, which is only portable as a fan, for it is a veritable stiletto encased in ivory, after the fashion of a fan, and doubtless of Oriental origin, for the Chinese have a dangerous dagger-fan, so disguised that no one would guess its use. This nation has one also like a bludgeon—of solid steel, handsomely ornamented; the blade resembles a Malay kris. With the Chinese a fan would seem to be a necessary part of dress, therefore in Chinese fans there is a great choice. They have different ones in summer and winter; the commonest coolie carries one, and the passing news of the day is depicted on them.

A BOATING DRESS.

A nice costume for boating and sailing may be of the striped flannel, made expressly for boating and tennis, light and thin, yet tolerably warm. The underskirt is plaited, and over it is arranged dark flannel, with square let in in front, cuffs and sailor collar of the stripe. If the stripes are dark blue and white, the upper part of the dress should be of dark blue; if of brown, then a brown polonaise. The upper part is made a tunic, short in front, well drawn back and long at the back, or else with looped back panters. Some ladies have the bodice and tunic in one, others separate, with a waistband. In both cases the bodices are full and rather loose. The tunic can be arranged at the back in two long, wide ends, which tie together in one large bow and look smart. New hats of striped flannel are sold, and are soft and light and not all unbecoming.

Rebuked.—There is nothing more worthy of consideration and respect than good advice—from the right person and at the right time. But people who make a business of urging their own views upon others, without proper regard for the feelings of their hearers, or without caring whether circumstances or conditions favor their doing so, deserve the rebuke given by the artist to the clergyman in the following story: A jovial artist was painting the portrait of a clergyman, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously, but as the knight of the brush painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a goodish sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterwards that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said,—"Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

The small percentage of nitrogen in fertilizers generally comes from dried blood, flesh-scraps from tanneries, old leather and fish refuse.

The raspberry is a native of mountains or cool northern climates. Hot, dry soil is its abomination, and it is always on the alert to "run out" in these situations.

Dan's Wife.

Up in the early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, "setting right;"
Oiling all the household springs
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending ripped Johnny's shoe;
Morning up and down the stair,
Tying baby in a chair;
Cutting meat, spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head;
Eating as she can by chance
Giving husband kindly glance;
Toiling, working, busy life,
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night—
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er.
Wife asks, "How the work has gone?
Busy times with us at home?"
Supper done, Dan reads with ease,
Happy Dan, but one to please,
Children must be put to bed—
All the little prayers are said,
Little shoes placed all in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes;
Busy, noisy, weary life,
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Some Results of Muscular Training.

In answer to several inquiries as to the value of rowing, riding, walking tricycling, boxing, cricket, etc., as healthful exercises, *Knowledge* says: "It will probably sound paradoxical, after the stress we have laid on the necessity for exercise, to say that we consider each one of these exercises, as pursued by specialists, undeniably bad for the development of a well proportioned and thoroughly healthy frame. Take, for instance, any first-class eleven at cricket; select, if you please, an eleven such as the Australian, in which all-round aptitude is a characteristic feature, and you will invariably find so large a proportion of ill-shaped men as to show that thoroughly well-built cricketers owe their goodly proportions to exercises outside of cricket. Despite the running involved in the game, four cricketers out of five have badly developed chests. One would say a good bat should have good shoulders, but that batting does not tend to improve the shoulders is shown by two, at least, of the finest Australian bats. Take rowing, again. Unless a rowing man does other work especially intended to correct the defect, he has invariably poor arms above the elbow, a marked inferiority in the development of the chest as compared with the back, and he generally has round shoulders and a forward hang of the head and neck. Boxing is better, but it cannot be pursued with advantage as the chief exercise a man or boy takes, and it is entirely unsuited to women and girls."

A Distinguished Man of Science

A clear bright face, a keen thoughtful eye, bearing both his years and learning "lightly as a flower," Sir John Lubbock hardly strikes you as a man who has invaded nearly every province of human knowledge and swept the scientific world of its honors and decorations. He is one of the greatest of London bankers, but he is also much more. He combines in a more extraordinary way than any person living what is scientific and speculative with what is practical and political. In very different directions he has made his mark and achieved solid success. The basis of his character and work no doubt lies in its scientific side. In the method, sagacity and patience of his observations he evidences the true spirit of the Baconian induction. He cannot, as Bacon did in his day, take all human knowledge for his province, but no man better understands the relationships between various departments of knowledge or has made himself a specialist in a larger number of them. On one side of his character he is a country gentleman a patient thinker, a plodding investigator of minute phenomena. Men of action and politics, who would scorn to watch ants and wasps and study flint instruments, have rarely achieved such brilliant and remarkable success. He is one of the best known members of Parliament, holding one of the most honorable of seats by the firmest of tenures. Few men have such a spotless, honorable and disinterested character in public and private life.

First of all, Sir John is a banker, as was his father before him. In several respects he illustrates the doctrine of heredity, as set forth by his late friend and neighbor, Mr. Darwin. Sir John William Lubbock was, in his day, a very remarkable astronomer, not so much, as his famous son explained to me, on the popular and "observatory side" as on the high mathematical side. He had also a celebrated relative, Dr. Lubbock, of Norfolk, who wrote on the fauna of his country. He had thus an ancestral fame to sustain, both scientifically and socially. I need hardly say that he is a thorough man of business. Nowhere has Sir John made his great powers more felt than in the region of banking. They say "every man is a debtor to his profession," and Sir John has acquitted this debt very fully. He has made two great landmarks in the history of banking which will always be associated with his name. One of these is the bank holiday; the other, the institution of the clearing-house of country banks, by which the benefits long known in the city of London were extended to all parts of the country. All the honors that the banking world could confer upon him have been liberally bestowed. He is the president of the Institute of Bankers, with its two thousand members, and holds the peculiar and remarkable position of honorary secretary of the London Association of Bankers. He is thus the medium between the banks and the Government and the chosen exponent of the views of bankers in relation to Government. Then, he has instituted a system of examination for bankers, clerks corresponding to the Civil Service examinations. Sir John was a member of the International Coinage Committee appointed by Government, and he is the author of a great variety of papers in financial literature,

Scenes During the Bombardment.

M. Gouselo, manager of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, who with his wife remained in Alexandria during the bombardment by the British fleet, relates the following incidents: The whole night long the native population had poured, screaming with terror, into the interior. At five minutes past 7 on the 11th came the first shot from the frigates. The excitement of the population and the volume of the emigration instantaneously increased. At 9 the soldiers began parading the town, assuring themselves by search whether the Europeans were in communication with the Admiral by telephone or telegraph or not. An officer, accompanied by several soldiers, mounted on the terraces of the houses and cut the wires of the telephones. One of the soldiers we saw carried a hatchet covered with blood. My barbery told me he had just assassinated an Englishman whom he found in communication with the Admiral This was probably the young French telegraph clerk who sought refuge in the Eastern Telegraph Company's offices. The bombardment continued all day. All day the population were fleeing with frightened faces. On the 12th the flight of the inhabitants continued in even greater numbers. In the afternoon the exodus from the town had become general. At three o'clock the soldiers gave the signal for pillaging. As on the 11th of June, they began by opening the doors of the stores and dividing the merchandise which they found. Soldiers, under the direction of the officers and superior officers, divided the booty in a fashion disgraceful, but at the same time having its comical side. Pieces of calico were cut into pieces and handed round, while albums, watches and fancy goods were carried off and frequently pulled to pieces, after having been for a few moments in the hands of men who did not understand their use. The officers frequently carried two or more guns, so as to leave free hands to the soldiers who were carrying off the booty. A colonel mounted on a horse had a pair of new shoes under his arm, another threw down and broke into a thousand pieces a clock which he found too heavy to carry.

The property destroyed was of greater value than that which was actually carried away. As soon as a shop was empty the paper and all the debris that could be hastily collected were thrown into it; then small explosive pellets were added, and in a moment the whole was in a blaze. At five o'clock the Egyptian heroes, loaded with booty instead of laurels, retreated in the greatest disorder. Since two o'clock in the afternoon the bowabs, or house porters, had received the most d'ordre to desert the houses which they guarded. By 6 o'clock all the European quarter was in flames, and the town presented the appearance of one huge furnace. Here and there we could see men of sinister appearance and some disbanded soldiers coming like silent shadows into the open shops and going out loaded with plunder, having fed the fire with the inflammable material with which they were provided. In order to defend the bank, which the fire inclosed in a circle momentarily becoming smaller, I was bound to make rounds in the adjoining street all night and fire on all incendiaries and marauders. In this way the immediate neighborhood was preserved clear. During the night many families came in and demanded shelter. In the morning of Thursday, finding that no soldiers were coming to relieve us or save the town, I determined to go to them. We set out together, some seventy persons. We put the numerous women and children into the middle of our troop, surrounded them with Greeks and Montenegrins, and then all started for the Custom House. On our way there thirty-five people in the same condition as ourselves joined us. The 105 marched, without encountering opposition, over and through masses of burning ruins. We ourselves broke open the doors of the city. We seized some abandoned boats, which were fortunately at hand, and pulled ourselves to Admiral Seymour, who received us with kindness on board the Helicon.

Itemical.

One hundred and sixty thousand Europeans in Algiers.

A Cincinnatti physician says that diarrhœa and summer complaint can be cured by exposing water in a blue bottle to the sun for a half hour or upward, and then giving one or two teaspoonfuls each hour until symptoms change. Water thus affected by the sun he declares to be a great nervine and refrigerant as well as an astringent.

The right of a woman past the age of 21 years to marry whom she pleases has just been vindicated in Missouri. The father of Laura Robbs, aged 27 years, attempted to hold her to continued service in the parental home by locking her up in a room when she had made a verbal contract to become the wife of George W. Bishop. A writ of habeas corpus unlocked the door, and the marriage took place in spite of the father's objections.

Denying a report that the Queen "usually sits up reading dispatches and writing till one in the morning, resuming again at eight A. M., her routine of the day's duties," London *Truth* says: "The Queen invariably transacts her public business between breakfast and luncheon, and hardly once in a month does her Majesty concern herself with what Lord Beaconsfield termed 'affairs' at any other time."

The marriage bill under consideration by the British Parliament provides that marriages may be solemnized at any time between eight o'clock in the morning and six in the evening, with the proviso that no clergyman of the Church of England shall be under any obligation to perform the ceremony after noonday. The law has always been that such rites must be performed in the forenoon, but the reason of this limitation has never been explained. It may have been a tradition received from the Church of Rome, but the older Church, if it ever made the noon limit regulation, abandoned the notion years ago.

A number of Prussian officers have entered the Turkish army under a contract that is to run for a term of three years, with provisions for a renewal. One of the officers is a Colonel who takes the rank of Brigadier General with a salary of 30,000 francs. The others are to be Colonels in the Ottoman service, and will receive a salary of 23,000 francs. In addition to this, all are to get the usual rations and other allowances given to Turkish officers of like rank. In case of disability for service a pension of one third of the active salary is to be given, and in case of death a pension of one-half the salary is to go to his widow and children. The officers, moreover, though obliged to wear the Turkish military uniform, will not be required to renounce their allegiance to Prussia. They are to continue subjects of the Prussian Government and members of the Prussian army. Both the Turkish and Prussian Governments assent to this. The salaries and pensions are to be paid in gold by the Ottoman Bank

Our Better Halves.

God's Last and Best Gift to Man.

Miss Helen Gladstone has become the vice-principal of Newnham college.

The first thing necessary to win the heart of a woman is opportunity.—*Balzac.*

The wisdom of women comes to them by inspiration; their folly by premeditation.—*Dumas.*

Woman is a delightful instrument, of which love is the bow and man the artist.—*Stendhal.*

Miss Maury has just executed a fine portrait of her aunt, Maria Mitchell, the astronomer.

Every woman is in the wrong till she cries, and then she is in the right instantly.—*Haliburton.*

Women do not often have it in their power to give like men, but they for give like angels.—*Neckar.*

Nothing is of so much importance to a young man as to be well criticised by a woman.—*Beaconsfield*

Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them they want everything.—*Shakespeare.*

A student of faces says that the most discontented looking women are those he sees riding in carriages.

There are now employed in the public schools of Massachusetts, 8861 teachers, of whom 7727 are women.

The city government of Portland is considering the advisability of appointing a woman city physician. There are three women doctors in that city.

Mrs. Rebecca Taylor, mother of the late Bayard Taylor, has presented to a dry goods house in Philadelphia a handsome skein of silk, reeled and spun with her own hands, in the eighty-third year of her age.

In California there are four women lawyers, of whom the widest known are Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, who also edits a paper in Alameda county, and Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, who devotes herself somewhat to public speaking.

"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of any man?" said an old lady to her niece. To which the young lady replied, "the reason, dear aunt, is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

For the first time in the history of the Unitarian denomination, a sermon was preached by a woman. At the Western Unitarian Conference, successfully held at Cleveland, Ohio, in May, Miss Mary F. Eastman delivered the Sunday afternoon discourse on "immortality," to a crowded house.

The "Combing of Waves.

All who have watched waves breaking on the seashore have probably noticed the furrowed or "combed" appearance of the back of a wave as it curls over. This "combing" appears suddenly, beginning at the advancing edge of the crest and spreading backward. In small waves a foot or so in height and of long extended front, such as are seen in shallow water, the crest, which rolls down the front of the wave, is at first smooth and even while the back of the wave is also smooth and unfurrowed, but the edge of the crest suddenly becomes crenated and almost simultaneously the "combing" appears on the back of the wave, travelling rapidly backward from the crenated edge. A considerable length of the wave appears to be thus affected at almost the same instant. In larger waves the crest falls rather than rolls upon the concave front, but it suddenly becomes uneven and is often fringed with a row or rows of drops, the "combing" appearing at the same instant.

"It is well known," says a writer in *Nature*, "that a long cylinder of liquid is unstable and will, if left to itself, at once split into a row of equal, equidistant drops—the splitting being effected by a constriction of the cylinder in certain places and a bulging out in others. Again, if a mass of liquid is bound by an edge whose surface is approximately a portion of a long cylinder, there is good reason for supposing that this cylindrical edge will be subject to similar laws of stability, and that it will tend to cleave in the same way, the surface being forced in in certain places and out in others. Now a wave's crest presents such a cylindrical edge. It will, therefore, of itself, cleave in the way described, and the flow of water will thereby be hindered at the constrictions and aided at the place of bulging out. Thus lines of easiest flow will be set up, which in their turn will determine the furrows on the back of the wave. The fringe of drops is due to the splitting in a similar manner of the cylindrical jets shot out from the places of bulging, where the flow is aided. Indeed, much of the setting at the edge of a wave is, I think, attributable to the breaking up of such jets in this manner. The regularly toothed edge of a spot of candle-wax that has fallen on a cold object affords in a permanent form a familiar illustration of the same action."

The census bureau of Japan reports for 1881 nearly 900,000 births and about 900,000 deaths.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy forgive, receive them;
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly,
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the unism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Suited For Life.

"No hotel?" said Mr. Percival Payne.

"Nothing in the shape of one," answered his friend, Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who announces a startling fact.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life!" said Payne.

"Nor I neither," serenely remarked Warden.

"But how do you account for it?" demanded the would-be tourist, smiting his forehead in despair.

"I don't account for it at all," said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been carefully trimming with his penknife, "except that nobody knows anything about the place as yet. There's a factory—wall-paper, I believe, or something of that sort—and a cigar-shop and a beer-shop and two thread-and-needle stores, and a postoffice where the mails come twice a week; and there's the Magalloway river, all carpeted over with water-lilies, and half a dozen glorious little trout-streams running into it, and the finest bit of scenery you ever saw. But—there's no hotel!"

"But where's a fellow to stay?" helplessly demanded Payne.

"Get an outfit and camp out, as I did," said Warden, cheerfully. "A blanket, a canvas tent, with pegs and loops, a little smudge of bran or pine-needles, to keep the mosquitoes off at night, and—"

"But I don't enjoy camping out," vehemently remonstrated Payne. "It is all very well for those that like it, but I'm not of that sort. I like your good walls, a feather pillow and regular meals served three times a day."

"Well, then, look here," said Warden. "Go to the Widow Buck's. She takes boarders now and then."

"Who is the Widow Buck?" asked Payne.

"That I don't know," replied his friend.

"And where does she live?"

"There you have me again."

"Man alive! are you crazy?" despairingly questioned Payne. "How am I to find her?"

"Inquire," calmly responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it in his vest pocket. "Go to Mallsie Ford—11 A. M. train—stage-coach—through in one day. Ask for the Widow Buck's! Bless my heart! nothing in the wide world could be easier. I always heard that people got good fare there and comfortable beds. And Mallsie Ford is a perfect little paradise when you once get there!"

"Well," said Payne, dejectedly, "it seems a wild-goose chase, but I've a mind to try it. A man can but come back again."

It was rather early in the season for the conventional operation known to the American public as "summering," but Percival Payne, being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased. And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cozy corners taken, and the most desirable points of observation usurped.

So he packed his valise, did up his fishing-tackle, laid in a great store of crayons and sketching-paper, and started for the far northern wilderness of Mallsie Ford.

Of course the train was late—trains always are late—and it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Payne found himself perched up in an open box-wagon, alongside of two trunks, a package of codfish, mail-bag, and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of water, and one of those odd, fringing hats of black straw, all covered with loops and ribbon, that make people look so picturesque.

"Where do we meet the stage?" said Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as to inconvenience his pretty neighbor as little as possible.

The driver stared at him.

"This 'ere's the stage!" said he. "Git up, sorrel!"

Mr. Payne stared.

"But stages have tops," said he.

"This 'ere stage don't," said the driver.

It was rather a trying situation—steep up-hill part of the way and steep down-hill the rest, with the codfish and the mail-bag alternately tumbling into Mr. Payne's lap, and the pretty girl laughing in her sleeve at his embarrassment.

"I'm very rude, I know," said she, "but if you'd just tie that codfish to the back of the wagon with your fishing-line it wouldn't trouble you so much."

"A good idea!" said Payne, briskly. "Thanks, very much for suggesting it!"

"I've traveled over this road before," said the pretty girl, laughing.

"Are you going to Mallsie Ford?" said Mr. Payne, with a sudden gleam of animation.

"No," said the pretty girl. "To Catley's Dam."

"Perhaps you know something about Mallsie Ford?" hazarded our hero

"Oh, yes!" said the nymph with the dark eyes. "It's a lovely place! I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's."

"Do you know the Widow Buck?" asked Payne, with interest.

"Very well," nodded the pretty girl.

"I'm going there to look for board," said Mr. Payne.

"I hope you'll be suited," said the girl.

And then they began to talk about the tall, blue-crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around them.

The dewy-eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she knew all about Thoreau; she was even "up" in Ruskin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering if all the Maine girls were equally cultivated and beautiful

And then the codfish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared into the purple twilight, and Mr. Payne and the codfish went on, sorrowful, much jolted and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful Magalloway river by moonlight; the cry of a wild-bird in the woods; the noise of hidden cascades; a blur of lighted windows, which the driver said was the factory; down a blind lane, and checking the tired horses at a one-storied stone house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried out:

"Now, then! Here we be! Widow Buck's!"

Mr. Payne got stiffly out, and helped to unload the various paraphernalia of travel which belonged to him—all of them by this time considerably flavored with salt codfish.

"Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned around and chirruped to his horse.

"What for?" demanded the man.

"In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or—"

"Oh, it's all right!" said the driver. "She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you, else."

And away he drove, leaving our hero alone in the spectral moonlight, with a pile of luggage at his feet, and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of his coat.

"Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne, addressing the moon. "And what would she have told me?"

He raised an old-fashioned brass knocker that hung at the door and rattled it briskly. The gaunt dog, aroused to a sense of his duty, left off snuffing and began to bark. Presently, a tall, thin woman, with a red pocket handkerchief tied on her head, with a kerosene lamp in her hand, opened the door.

"Oh," said she, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from the city, are you?"

With the initiative thus taken out of his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline his head.

"All them traps yourn?" demanded the Widow Buck, abruptly.

"Yes, madam," Mr. Payne admitted.

"Humph!" said the widow. "'Pears to me it's purty tol'able cheeky of you, mister, to take it for granted you'd be asked to stay!"

"I thought, madame—"

"I'm a-talking now," said the widow, sharply. "To begin right straight at the beginning, we don't know anything about you. You may be a bank burglar or a counterfeiter, for all we know!"

"My references, madame—"

"Yes, I know," said the widow. "And them very references is most likely forged. But I'm willin' to be reasonable. How old be you?"

And Mr. Payne, secretly wondering if this was the way they managed things in Maine, answered meekly:

"Two-and-thirty!"

"Ever been married before?" sharply questioned the widow.

"Certainly not, madame! I am a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, with a justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" went on his catechist.

"None, madame."

"Well, I like that!" said the widow, with a scornful sniff. "Like your impudence to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Expect to live on me, hey?"

"Madame!" gasped poor Mr. Payne.

"How d'ye suppose you're ever going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her?" sharply went on the woman, "which I shan't do, and don't you think it! She don't care for you, anyway! When she heard you was coming she made up her mind to stop off at Catley's Dam, just to get rid of the sight of you. There! So just pick up your traps and go back ag'in the way you come! You won't never be a son-in law of mine!"

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences a light began to dawn on Mr. Payne's obscured brain.

"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that you must be laboring under a little misapprehension. My name is Percival Payne. I am from Boston. I was recommended here, as an eligible boarding place, by Mr. Warden, of 15 Peppermint place."

Mrs. Buck nearly dropped her lamp in consternation.

"Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please to walk in, sir. I'll send the boy out arter your trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was comin' here after my daughter Naomi! She works in the Lowell mills, Naomi does. To think how ever I could have made such a blunder! Do walk in, sir!"

And Mr. Payne was promptly introduced to a delightful little "interior" of red carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of logs burning on an open hearth to keep out the damp of the summer evening.

After 10 o'clock, when the wearied traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room where there was an eight-day clock in a cherry wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard the opening and shutting of doors below, the clear sound of a familiar voice—the voice of his black-eyed traveling companion.

"Well, mother, did he come?" she asked.

"Peleg didn't come," said the Widow Buck. "But a young gentleman from the city came. And don't you b'lieve, Naomi, I took him for Peleg, and I peppered away at him well!"

"Oh, mother, what will he think?" cried the softer young voice.

"I asked his pardon, of course," said the old lady. "And he took it all as a joke."

And when Peleg Driggs himself the next day put in an appearance, he was summarily dismissed. While Mr. Percival Payne and the fair Naomi were sitting by a trout pool in the cool woods below; for Naomi knew all about the haunts and nooks of the neighborhood and handled a fishing-pole most skillfully.

Mr. Payne liked Mallsie Ford and stayed there all summer. And as there were several boarders in the old stone house Miss Naomi concluded not to return to factory life in the Lowell mills but to stay and help her mother with the housework; and when autumn came she was engaged to Mr. Percival Payne.

"The sweetest wild flower in all the Northern woods," he wrote, enthusiastically, to his friend Warden.

Warden went up to Mallsie Ford. He was introduced to Miss Naomi. He agreed with his friend.

"She's a little jewel," said he. "You're a lucky fellow, Payne. But I didn't know when you wrote me that you were so well suited with the accommodations here—"

"That I was suiting myself for life?" interrupted Payne. "But you see that such was the fact."

Harems.

Owing to the nature of the institution our knowledge of harem life is entirely derived from the visits of European ladies. The Turkish authorities, it must be confessed, are very amiable in this respect, and little difficulty is experienced when the introductions are good. The Turk is commonly believed to be a sort of bluebeard. It is not so. Polygamy is not the rule, but the exception. The lower classes never have more than one wife, and it is only in the case of wealthy Pashas that there are three or four wives, the latter number being legally allowed to every Mussulman according to the Koran; this is exclusive of almost any number of slaves and concubines. The husband must have no acquaintance, however slight, with women other than those of his own harem, and should he observe slippers outside of the harem door he knows that ladies are visiting, and therefore cannot enter his own house. Then, again, if perchance he strolls through the bazaar, there must be no recognition of any of his own women, although they may be throwing away his money right and left in a most lavish way on silks and jewels. He must not say a word, and so strokes his beard and passes on with an "Inshalah" (Please God), or "Allah kerim" (God is great and merciful), for now he knows only too well how the money goes! European ladies are the objects of much attention and curiosity on the part of the women of a harem. Their dresses are felt, they are pawed all over, and asked childish questions incessantly; for it must be remembered that a large harem consists of wives and domestic slaves, the latter counted by hundreds. A young English woman, 17 years old, of great personal attractions and engaging manners, some time back visited a harem accompanied by her mother and friends. The women questioned her, and would not believe that she had "no children, nor even a husband." One of the wives who took a great fancy to her threw her arms around her neck, and entreated her to stay with them forever. She could have any husband she liked, and even was so kind as to especially recommend her own, adding that she was sure he would soon want another wife, and that she, the real wife, would much rather it was this nice English girl, as then there would always be the pleasure of having her as a friend and companion. Here was a most decided offer. A firm refusal, however, of these honors caused much surprise and disappointment.

Experiments with Disinfectants.

A series of experiments have been made by Herren Wolffhugel and Von Knorre with a view to explaining a fact observed by Koch, viz., that oil solutions of carbolic acid are far inferior to aqueous solutions, of the same concentration, in disinfectant action. For a disinfectant to have full action, it must be able to fully penetrate the object treated; and water, by virtue of its greater capillarity, has doubtless the advantage over oil in this respect. Again it was observed that carbolic acid was more freely given up by carbolic oil in water than by carbolic water in oil. This may be accounted for by the greater solubility of the acid in oil. How far this peculiarity of oil, and its less tendency to penetrate porous solid bodies and to mix with liquids, is to be regarded as the cause of the inactivity of carbolic acid in oil solution cannot yet be measured, since one cannot tell how oil and water behave with regard to giving up carbolic acid to minute organisms. The author considers, however, that oil should not, in general, be used as a solvent for carbolic acid where one aims at killing, within twenty-four hours, fungi adhering to water containing bodies, solid and liquid, whether as spores or bacilli.

A mammoth tree, felled on a farm at Mexico, Mo., measured nine feet through near the ground, was 110 feet high, the first limb growing at a height of thirty feet from the base. The tree was cut up into 800 rails, 300 fence posts, and 10 cords of firewood.

Chuckchees at Home.

Some of the Strange Customs of a Strange People.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* describes some of the manners and customs of the Chuckchees, a primitive tribe living within the Arctic circle. It was among these people that the crew of the Rodgers lately spent about six months. The correspondent says: "The dwelling—which can scarcely be dignified by the name of house—is oval shaped, or, to convey a somewhat distinct idea, resembles an inverted basin. When a dwelling is erected the formation is necessarily suited to their primitive appliances. An upright piece of driftwood, sometimes whalebones lashed together with walrus hide, serves as a centre-pole. Springing from this centre is a series of curved bones or wood, forming a support for the walrus hide covering. This covering is rudely sewn with thongs of sealskin and fastened to the ground by means of twisted walrus hide ropes, the ends of which are secured to rocks, which serve in lieu of tent pins. The interstices between the rocks and the points where the hide comes to the ground are filled in with hard, beaten snow. The entrance to the hut invariably faces the south, while a reindeer skin serves as a door. Having gained admission through this entry, a space intervenes between it and the main portion of the hut. Here again hangs a curtain of deer skin. It is in this space that the residents strip off every stitch of clothing—the females alone wearing a narrow loin fillet made of tanned deer skin—before going into the interior compartment. It is customary upon the arrival of strangers to receive them as described in a previous letter. A sickening odor greets the nostrils as the interior is reached—an odor arising from the congregation of many human beings, the smoke from the burning seal oil lamps, and a mixture of smells composed of rotten meat and decaying matter. But the Rodgers crew, by virtue of necessity, soon became accustomed to the smells. Repugnant as it was to their feelings, force of circumstances compelled them to conform in every way to the habits of their Chuckchee hosts. The bills of fare varied but little during their residence, the only addition to their menu being monthly, when the issue of the scanty rations took place, which were shared by the men with their native companions. Frozen, rotten walrus meat, sometimes the flesh of a hair-seal or fish, invariably eaten raw, were the staple articles of dietary. As a sort of *bonne bouche* reindeer's blood in a frozen state was occasionally served out. The blood has been brought from the interior during the summer, and transported in bags made of the stomach of the seal. With this blood is mixed a grass, probably a species of sorrel, as the taste is described as being extremely sour, but this intensification may be possibly due to the fermentation that ensues from its admixture with the blood. The pangs of hunger alone compelled the Rodgers men to partake of this substance. Those who did eat it say "that the stench was so disgusting that during the act of deglutition, and even while conveying it to their mouth, they had to compress the nostrils to shut out the smell." During the winter the first repast takes place from 3 to 4 A. M., the final meal previous to retiring to rest about 4 or 5 P. M. In spring and summer, however, when the days are long, they rise at dawn and go out in their skin boats—which are built of walrus hide and modelled after the type in use by the Innuits of Alaska—to hunt seal or walrus for winter supplies. Then the meal hours are midday and 8 P. M., or before seeking their couches.

The feminine tenants of the hut do the carving, or rather hacking, with small hatchets, procured in trade from the whaling ships. This process divides the lumps of frozen meat into portions of large size, which are placed in a wooden trough. Each individual then squats on either side of the trough, and should some reckless individual fail in grabbing a piece of the meat he goes minus a meal for that occasion. The Chuckchees are very fast eaters, and, to use the words of one of the crew, "If you don't try and follow suit in eating you'll get nothing." After the meal is finished the trough is licked by the women, and every particle of meat or oleaginous matter that clings to the wood is thereby removed. The only use they make of water is for drinking purposes. This is obtained by melting snow in a hole dug in a corner of the hut, sometimes in a bucket, the liquefaction being promoted by the heated atmosphere of the apartment. How the dogs that serve to draw the sledges obtain strength is a marvel; the beasts seldom get even a sniff of the rotten meat, and probably consider themselves very lucky if by chance they fall across a piece of walrus or a seal hide. When reduced to starvation the strong ones fall upon those that are helpless and weak, literally rend them to pieces and devour the entire body, flesh, bones and even the skin. The aversion and loathing with which the officers and men regarded these horrible messes of dog, rotten walrus and seal meat can scarcely be imagined. But these Chuckchees gave cheerfully the best fare they had and shared it equitably with the crew and their families without displaying any hopes of future reward.

So far as possessing any religion or having any conception of a Supreme Being, the Chuckchees appear to be without any belief. But in common with the Esquimaux, Kolosh, the pure Aleut of the pre-Russian occupation of Alaska and the various islands of the Aleutian Archipelago, they have a Shaman, or medicine man, who in the Chuckchee language is termed "Iyanglum." These individuals appear to have great sway and exert large influence over the Chuckchees. Under the pretence that they are in, or have the power to hold, communication with the "Komocks," or spirits that dwell in the mountains and the sea, they delude their people with the idea that no hunting, traveling or trading expedition should be undertaken without the spirits being consulted through their medium.

The correspondent saw a girl die; in one hand some rotten walrus meat was put, while the other held a wooden spoon. Then her boots were drawn on and the "Iyanglum" and the neighbors were sent for. As soon as the whole of the invited guests had arrived the "Iyanglum" tied the end of a long coil of sealskin rope around the head of the girl, the other end he fastened to a stick resembling a crutch in form. The father of the girl then commenced asking questions, and at each query the rope was lifted up, causing the girl's head to be raised from off the ground. This performance lasted three hours, during which time there was not a sound heard in the hut. At the expiration of the period food was partaken of by all present, after which the "Iyanglum," producing some seal-gut rope, proceeded to lash the corpse, tying the arms close to the body and the legs with the feet pointing outward. A sledge was then prepared on the outside, and the girl's father taking a knife cut a slit in the side of the hut as a passageway for the removal of the corpse. The dead are not allowed to be carried through the ordinary entrance, as the natives say: "Should that happen the spirit will find its way home again." The body being placed on the sledge the relatives proceeded to pull it and another sledge with provisions toward a high range of hills distant some fifty miles inland. Resuming the ordinary avocations upon their return, at the expiration of four days they visit the body to ascertain if the crows have eaten the walrus meat which had been placed in her hand. If the meat has been eaten it is regarded as a favorable omen, as they will in future hunts be very successful. The last farewell takes place fifteen days after their previous visits tion, the object of which is to discover whether the crows have picked the eyes out of the corpse, the Chuckchees believing that the visual organ is deemed a savory morsel by the birds. If this auspicious event has taken place, it is regarded as an augury that no more deaths will take place for a year. Then the body is covered up with snow and left to rot away or to be eaten by the crows and dogs.

After a babe has been ushered into the world two blocks of frozen snow are placed on the top of each other, with six stones arranged in a circle on the summit, the whole being placed in the exterior compartment of the hut, where the blocks gradually melt. According to the positions in which the stones fall to the ground so the future career of the child is determined. The child is not washed or tended in any manner except receiving its natural nourishment from the mother. To a stranger it seems very remarkable that the infants live at all, when the exposure they undergo is considered. The mother gives her child milk but twice a day, then stuffs a piece of rotten meat into its hand and lays it on the ground, where it remains quiet and contented for the day and night. So fares the baby Chuckchee.

Marriages are conducted in a very primitive style. No tender, languishing airs or loving looks are indulged in by the Chuckchee lover in need of an Amaryllis. Should a man wish to marry a girl he simply asks the consent of her father, which is generally given without the least reluctance, as it appears to be the desire of the parents to rid their huts of their daughters as soon as they possibly can. When the nuptial day arrives the bridegroom's relatives proceed in a body, accompanied by the "Iyanglum" and his drum, to the hut wherein dwells the bride. The lamps are extinguished and the ceremonies consist of an oration, singing and beating the drum by the "Iyanglum," the whole performance occupying about an hour. Then feasting commences, the piece de resistance at the marriage banquet being walrus head and brains. When all present have gorged themselves to repletion the newly wedded couple go to their hut and the knot is firmly tied. It is the custom among the Chuckchees to have a plurality of wives, but the greatest number seen by the Rodgers people attached to one man was five.

Seals.

The seal, as affixed to letters, has a claim for consideration in the fact of its historic interest. The seals of Sennacherib and Cheops are yet extant, together with a multitude of ancient signets both of the East and West, and our letter seals are probably their lineal descendants and relatives of the official legal and royal seals still affixed to documents. As symbols of power they were, no doubt, affixed upon a missive to forbid its opening by an unauthorized person, and their significance would be generally regarded. The early Christians used the sacred devices of the dove, the fish, the anchor and the lyre; and the monks of Durham, becoming possessed of a seal on which was figured the head of Jupiter Tonans, had engraven beneath it the name of good King Oswald, thus sanctifying it to the uses of the Church. In England, before watches were worn, the seal was attached to the wrist, forming, in fact, a pendant to a bracelet. Shakespeare's signet has his initials, "W. S.," and a true lover's knot—a device which has led to the supposition that it was given to him by Anne Hathaway. Mary Queen of Scots had a seal with the arms of the three kingdoms upon it, and the use of this formed a count of the indictment against her. Another ring of interest which may possibly have been used as a signet, is the cameo ring in the possession of the Thynne family, which is said to be the identical one given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex.

This is only one of a thousand signets of historic interest that are still preserved. The "biggest thing" among these belongs, as a matter of course, to America, and was presented to President Pierce by some citizens of San Francisco. Upon this was represented a kind of summary of Californian history and a number of devices, such as a grizzly bear and an enraged bee. Without it was engraved the President's name, and in its interior par were small cases containing specimens of various native ores. The weight of this precious gift was something like a pound! The materials impressed have been nearly as varied as the shapes of the signets impressing them. Gold, silver and other metals were anciently in use, and even prepared earths or clays. Common wax was, of course, most prevalent before the introduction of sealing wax, a compound of lac and other materials invented in the sixteenth century. White wax was used by Otho I. of Germany and by many of our monarchs. Rufus, however, very appropriately adopted red. Blue is the rarest of tints; green was favored by the emperors and patriarchs of the East. At present, vermilion wax is most common, but should the method of sealing letters be revived, we may expect, with the resources of modern chemistry and the diversity of modern tastes, a polychromatic range of hues unknown to former ages.—*London Globe.*

Drying Plants.

Mr. Leo. H. Grindon gives some timely hints for preserving specimens for the herbarium. Plants, he says, dry very variously. Some require not a moment's trouble, others demand patience. Now and then the case is hopeless, and we are constrained to fall back upon the pencil, and prefer drawings, colored ones if possible. Grasses and their allies, most kinds of ferns, plants that resemble heather, "everlastings," the mature leaves of shrubs and trees, call for only the minimum. Those which try the patience, and can be managed only after considerable experience with easy ones, are plants like the hyacinth.

To secure the best results, obtain first half a dozen pieces of stout millboard, cut to about eighteen inches by twelve, then gather together a hundred old newspapers, and fold them square to about the dimensions of the millboards. Four or five yards of common white cotton wadding, a score of sheets of tissue paper, and as many of blotting paper, all cut the same size, complete the apparatus. One of the boards serves for the foundation; on this lay a newspaper, then a piece of wadding, and upon this place the specimen intended to be dried. The cotton being soft and retentive, every portion can be laid in a proper and natural way, including the petals of the flowers. A newspaper above, two or three if the specimens have thick stems, and so on, till all shall be deposited in the way of the first. If the specimens are sticky or hairy, or of a kind that the wadding seems likely to adhere to, then, before depositing them on it, introduce a half sheet of the tissue paper. A heavy weight must be put on the top of all, sufficient to embed the specimens in the wadding; then leave the whole to rest for twenty-four hours. All the papers must then be changed, dry ones being put in their place; and if the plant seems to throw off a very considerable amount of moisture, such as will render the wadding quite damp, change the wadding also. A second and even a third change is desirable, at the end of two or three days or a week, and when this is made introduce the blotting paper, pressing again until everything is flat, and the specimens are absolutely dry.

Such is the simple process by which Mr. Grindon has succeeded in the art of preserving the colors and forms, not only of robust and tractable plants, but of the most delicate, and very many of the obdurate. Every petal every leaflet, retains the form it had in life, and nine specimens out of ten keep their colors excellently. To insure the keeping of color, it is well, if time can be spared, to change the blotting paper many times, and to dry it thoroughly before the fire, but this need not be done till after the third day from the beginning.

The English Sparrow.

In 1850 a dozen English sparrows were imported by Mr Eugene Schieffelin, of New York. He set them free near Madison Square, and this he did for several successive years. A number of others followed his example, among them the Park Commissioners of New York. In 1858 the City Government of Boston imported about 200. These all died, and the next year 100 were brought over, of which but ten lived. The City Government of Philadelphia imported 1,000 in 1869 and about the same time two dozen were let loose in Monumental Square, Charleston, S. C. A history of North American birds says:

At the time of their introduction the shade trees in the parks and squares of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Newark and other places were greatly infested with larvæ of the measure worms that destroyed their foliage; since then these worms have almost entirely disappeared. A doubt has been expressed whether the sparrows destroy these insects. That they eat them in the larvæ form I do not know, but to their destruction of the chrysalis, the moth and the eggs, I can testify, having been eye-witness to the act. Now that the sparrow is a familiar object to us all, many can testify to the same fact. Though the sparrow was introduced here about 1871, the worms continued to be a nuisance for several years until the increase of the sparrows insured the extinction of the worm. During those years, at a certain part of the summer, the air was full of small, light yellow moths. The writer has watched the sparrows many an hour and admired their dexterity in snapping up the moths. It was by destroying these moths, each of which was good for numberless eggs, that the sparrow earned our gratitude. He did not invade the castle of silk which the worm had erected on every bough and entangle his short bill in its stuff coating web, but he devoured the flyers its season and picked off the eggs at his leisure. He is the tree preserver. He should be an honorary member of the Forestry Convention.

The Board of Trade of Portland, Oregon, is making efforts to compel the salmon canners to respect the fishing laws of the State. The season has been very poor and they are fishing after the close of the season. The canners say that the law is not valid, having been held so in a recent suit.

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—VISIT—

C. M. Boynton's,

CONCORD, N. H.

NEW FALL GOODS

RECEIVED DAILY.

"Sample and Goods sent by mail. We have everything just the same as if we asked you to read long advertisements; and prices always the lowest."

IMPORTANT

—TO THE—

READERS

Of This Paper!

REMARKABLE

BARGAINS

—AND—

LOW PRICES

—AT THE—

Old Reliable One Price Dry Goods House

—OF—

Sterns, Wimpfheimer & Co.

—OF—

Concord, N. H.

It is our custom at this season of the year to make a clearing out sale in order to make room for our Fall and Winter Importations. To enable us to do this, we have made a great reduction of prices throughout our entire stock which now contains many special bargains such as we have never before offered.

Our great success and increase of business since we adopted the ONE PRICE System is very gratifying and assures us that the public fully appreciate the Low Prices that always rule at our establishment.

We are determined to sustain the reputation of selling Dry Goods lower than at any other store in the State, and to make our name a household word in every family. We only ask you to examine our large stock and secure some of the many bargains that this sale affords.

Unbleached Cottons for 4 cents per yard; a lot of Best Cocheco Prints for 6 1-4 cents per yard; Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, formerly sold at 37 1-2, now 15 cents.

We have made arrangements to have a good supply of three Bleached Cottons in 2 lb. Bundles that are so very cheap and so much sought after. Only 50 cents for the bundle.

All our Dress Goods at wonderfully Low Prices. Choice Scotch Styles in Ginghams only 10 cents per yard. All Wool Cashmeres only 75 cents per yard.

These are only a few of the many good bargains that we can show you. We shall be glad to wait upon you and assure you that our prices defy competition.

The Old Reliable One Price Dry Goods House, formerly F. B. Underhill & Co., now

Sterns, Wimpfheimer & Co.

WHITTEMORE & REED,

Dealers in Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

No efforts spared to secure and maintain

The Choicest Stock in the City.

We keep as Fine a Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries to any house north of Boston.

Hotel Proprietors and Boarding House Keepers will find it worth while to call and see us.

FLOUR AND TEAS A SPECIALTY.

☞All the finest lines of Imported Goods from England and France, including CROSS & BLACKWELL'S well known Delicacies & Staple Goods. Don't send to Boston when you can obtain the same goods from us, at Lower Rates.

26 North Main St., opp. Warren. [mar2 6mjess] CONCORD, N. H.

WENTWORTH.

The biggest egg of the season was laid by "Old Plymy," a hen owned at the parsonage. The egg measured 8 1-2 x 6 1-2 inches and weighed something over 1-4 of a pound. The hen was of Plymouth Rock breed, formerly owned by Deacon Daniel Darling, of Keene, and is four years old. Both hen and egg may be seen by any who doubt.

E. H. Kenniston, Auctioneer. P. O. Address, West Campton, N. H. Terms Reasonable. june10-jess-30t*

Dr. and Mrs. Whitmore are away on a vacation, having driven to Littleton to visit a daughter, who has long resided there.

For Sale.—Two of the best stage lines in New Hampshire, with mails and stock to run them. Apply to W. R. Clough, Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. jesalm

Dr. E. A. Darker has made quite an addition to his barn, within, aside from a new span lately purchased in Canada. There may be seen a watering trough made from thick planks known to have been sawed above 65 years. The planks were taken from an old cider vat, made by David Currier, father to Madison, now residing in this place.

So far as can be ascertained the oldest and youngest horses that ever ascended Moosilauke were driven by Rev. T. W. Darling, of Wentworth. The former made two trips a year ago and was past 25 years of age. The latter made the trip on Tuesday last and was four years of age.

Charlie Stanyan, who so faithfully has worked in the hosiery department for the past two years, at Tilton, is at home on a short vacation. He has recently newly covered his boat "Lady" and proposes to launch upon the lake at the Weirs sometime during the week.

W. A. Wilde, from Boston, who, with his family, are spending their vacation here, has just purchased a span of colts which look very nearly alike, and present a comely appearance while moving through our village. Mr. Wilde proposes to take them to Boston for his own special benefit.

The Universalist social circle held a most enjoyable picnic, Wednesday, Aug. 23d, in the elegant grounds surrounding the handsome residence of Mr. Jonathan Stanyan, who kindly threw open his Music hall for the additional entertainment of the guests. The refreshments would have done credit to Delmonico in his palmiest days and the courteous hospitality with which they were served by the ladies of the circle could not be excelled even by themselves. After the bountiful repast the young people resorted to croquet and other innocent games; while the more sedate strolled through the pleasant grove, where rustic seats and swings invited to rest and enjoyment. The gathering was the more delightful that it brought together many dear friends who had returned to their childhood's home for their summer vacation. The Universalist social circle, of Wentworth possesses every element of success. Aug. 25.

Perhaps no medicine is so universally required as a good cathartic. Swayne's Pills are prepared expressly to meet this necessity being composed of purely vegetable ingredients of which podophyllin or mandrake, sarsaparilla, yellow dock and other concentrated juices enter largely into their composition; the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. They are mild in their operation and are truly a valuable aperient and anti-bilious medicine. They stimulate the liver to healthy action, cleanse the stomach and bowels of all impurities. Curing sick and nervous headache, dyspepsia or indigestion, biliousness, fevers, drowsiness, colds, aching pains, aches, slight chills, with flashes of heat and female irregularities. For a bilious and costive habit no medicine is so prompt and effectual. Mailed on receipt of price (in postage stamps) 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Address Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for them. jesa ly jan25

THE GUBERNATORIAL NOMINATION.

The Republicans of New Hampshire are soon to meet in convention to nominate a candidate for governor. Prior to the meeting of the State Committee to fix the times and places for holding the several conventions, the canvass for the nomination of governor had actively begun. Public attention was called to three citizens of this State, and their claims and availability discussed. The three men are still in the field, and unless all signs fail, one of the three will be the next governor of the State. The three men above referred to are the Hon. Moody Currier of Manchester Hon. Samuel W. Hale of Keene, and Hon. Dexter Richards of Newport.

Mr. Currier is President of the Amoskeag Bank of Manchester, is well known all over the State for his financial ability and business integrity, and has been an active leader in the Republican party since its birth. He has held several important positions of public trust, and has honored them all. As a member of the city government of Manchester, of both branches of the Legislature, and of the Governor's Council, he has shown rare executive ability and conscientious fidelity to the interests of the people. As Governor of New Hampshire, he would disc harge its duties with credit to himself and the State.

Mr. Hale, his principal competitor, is an active railroad manager in the western part of the State. The only political office he has held has been that of Councilor in one of the past State administrations. As a business man he is reputed to be successful, as he has also been in fancy mining stock speculations, and is said to be quite wealthy. He would undoubtedly make a good governor. He is however, unknown in politics to a greater portion of the people of the State and will make a stronger candidate in 1884. In fact, it seems to be understood pretty generally, that his canvass is being conducted more with a view to two years hence than the present.

Mr. Richards has been before the people for quite a number of years, having held several important offices. His canvass at this time is more the act of his friends than any disposition of his own to seek the place. His claims before any convention of Republicans would be greater than Mr. Hale's, and he press them. The only significance of his candidacy is the fact that Cheshire and Sullivan counties are not a unit for any one man. Therefore claims of locality cannot enter the canvass.

From all we can learn, it appears quite evident that Hon. Moody Currier will be the next Republican candidate for Governor. His nomination is looked upon as the natural sequel of the last State convention, when he withdrew that Gov. Bell might be unanimously nominated. No person can excel him in qualifications for the place, and his selection will be universally acceptable to the rank and file of the Republican party. The canvass of the friends of the other candidates will add interest to the State Convention, and we shall begin the campaign with all the enthusiasm of a Presidential year. With Mr. Currier's name at the head of the ticket, New Hampshire will answer Oregon with her old fashioned majority. *Peterboro Transcript.*

Walker's Real Estate

Truthfully and quite completely describes a long list of city and farm property for sale in this section and in Kansas. Catalogues SENT FREE on receipt of stamp accompanied by list of Kansas loans. It freehold, loans of $200 and upwards placed on first-class Kansas security, paying 7 per cent. semi annual interest, net to the lender. Address, E. A. Walker & Co., Walker's Block, Merrimack st., cor. Pine, Manchester, N. H. [dec27 6mf eaapr18 1y

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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will increase and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its blanching and falling off, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a silken softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.

The State Assayer and Chemist of Mass. and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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Kerosene Oil Stove!

Call at any stove store and ask to see the Boston Gem Improved Kerosene Stove. It is warranted to work equal to any stove in the market, and only costs but one-half the price. It is lighter to handle than any stove, and is warranted to wear as long; do not purchase your Kerosene Stove until you see this one.

Ask for the Boston Gem and take no other.

If your dealer has not got it, write to

F. MORANDI,

102 Union Street, *BOSTON, Mass.*

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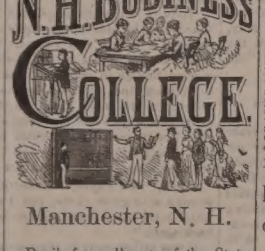

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Also in their season a fine assortment of Bedding-out Plants and a large stock of Tomatoes and Cabbages.

Orders for Wedding or Funeral decorations attended to in the best manner and shortest notice by mail, telegraph or telephone.

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PIANO CHAIR.

Teachers, Scholars and Finished Amateur and Professional Players will alike welcome it.

The practice of sitting at a piano or organ practicing for hours together, without a support for the back, is tiresome in the extreme, as every player well knows; and giving way to the tired feeling, very many, especially young persons, attempt to rest or relieve themselves by assuming a position which is not only ungraceful, but unnatural and unhealthy, and are often permanently injured thereby. To rest the back, it is not always necessary to incline the body to the rear. The body may be forward, but if there is something against which the back may be pressed, it affords a sense of support, a feeling of ease which can be obtained in no other way, and really forms a rest. The ordinary piano stool is not a comfortable seat under any circumstances, yet no material improvement was made upon the original design until the Duett Piano Chair was invented. Although this chair has been before the public but a short time, it has already attracted marked attention, and has gained the highest approval of all who have tested it. We feel confident that it will fully meet the wants of thousands who have long been hoping and anxiously looking for some improvement.

Price, plain, $5.00; plush, $6.50;
With adjustable back, $1.00 extra.

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☞Thankful to our numerous customers for their very liberal patronage in the past, we hope by strict attention to the interests of our patrons, to receive a continuance of their esteemed favors. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

S. BLOOD, New Opera House Block,

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BEST business before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine. eisa oct27 1y

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S. F. BLODGETT & SON.

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Circulars free. JOHN M. HUBBARD,

mc24 jesa6m Lake Village, N. H.

$66 a week in your own town $12 Outfit and terms free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine. jesa oct27 1y

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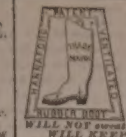

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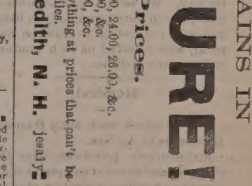
July 10 **D. A. AMBROSE,** Meredith, N. H. jesa 3m



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